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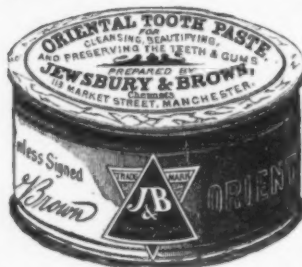
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THE INDIAN UNCLE.

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GRIZEL SEES THROUGH THE DISGUISE.

CHAPTER X.—MRS. THOMAS.

AMONG the letters delivered behind the curtains of the tent bed on the following morning was the weekly chronicle which it was Mrs. Thomas Gordon's duty to write. The superscription examined, it was laid aside. There were other more interesting, more important communications. There was a charming little note from the Lord Advocate, written in his own study at midnight, while the glow of that excellent dinner was still in his veins; a note such as only a man of affairs, a man of the world, knows how to pen. Enclosed in the same envelope was a copy of verses which caused the reader's eyes to brighten as she scanned them. In their sparkle, their wit, they took her back to the days of her all-conquering youth, when men understood the delicate art of wooing: when

homage had a perfume it has lost in these ruder times. Ah! that was the age when woman in her weakness, her dependence, was still supreme.

When the Lord Advocate's subtle flattery had been digested, there were bills to examine, charitable appeals to consider; finally there was Mrs. Thomas's letter. It was opened half peevishly, with an ill-humoured comment on the badness of the writing; no variety, no amusement was to be hoped for from this quarter. Mrs. Thomas had little skill as a scribe; she was painfully dutiful in having no reticences, but her narrative was bald, crude, savourless. She told all, and you felt as if she had told you nothing. Her husband, her boys, the weather, her own ailments—these were her topics. She could not have uttered an epigram to save her life; jest and humour were alike alien to her nature; yet a less keen critic might have found

something wholesome and sweet in the kindly aim and view of the writer, who never sought to censure, and was silent where she could not praise.

Bitterly as Mrs. Gordon would have resented its absence from her morning budget, she permitted herself to make light over Ellen's letter with its halting phrases, to smile at her chronicle of small beer. On this occasion, as she skimmed the unsteady, sloping lines, her face hardened, her brows met.

Ellen mentioned modestly, shrinkingly, quite as if it were a detail, after the latest news of the boys had been given, and the sheriff's summer cold enlarged on—that she had been more ailing than usual, and that her doctor had suggested the desirability of securing a skilled opinion. She was accordingly travelling to Edinburgh, and would arrive at Miss Primrose's lodgings in Castle Street, on the afternoon of the day on which her letter was delivered at George Square.

"I am bringing Jessie Macfarlane, the tablemaid, with me, by Thomas's express wish," she wrote; "so that if I should be laid up I needn't be a trouble to anybody. I know you must be much taken up with your visitor, but I hope to be able to pay my respects to you very soon. I am loth to leave Thomas, and he so careless about wearing flannel next him, but Dr. Gibson tells me there is no time to lose."

It was at this sentence that Mrs. Gordon's fine brows drew themselves together.

"Dr. Gibson is a fool," she reflected angrily, "and Ellen's another. There's nothing ails the woman, but she's one of the easy-osie kind that you can run into any shape you like, and if her little finger but aches she must e'en be dying. I've little patience with such ways."

Patience was a virtue she might be said to lack wholly. Illness with her was a matter of choice, you could mostly accept or reject it. You had but to defy it as bold Sarah Marlborough defied dissolution. Death indeed claimed that stout rebel at the last, as it would one day claim her sister in revolt, but there was a difference, as Mrs. Gordon would point out, between surrendering when your time came, and living the perpetual prisoner of fear.

With a back that never ached, an eye undimmed, a perfect digestion, a gift of sleeping all the night long and waking fresh and vigorous, how indeed was she to sympathise with pains and pangs, with faintings and weakness she never suffered? The feeling for that which is not personal to ourselves is not born with us into the world; it has to be fought for, like every other grace, though nothing truly great or noble can be achieved without it.

It added to the old lady's annoyance to reflect upon the extreme inopportune of Mrs. Thomas Gordon's visit. She thought of the pitched battle she had had with Ann Lauder before it was decreed that the sheriff and his wife should not be invited to Mr. Andrew's table. Ann had declared that Mrs. Thomas's presence would spoil all. She would recognise the visitor without a moment's hesitation: in her surprise and agitation she would blurt his name out before the whole company, and how, Ann asked grimly, would her mistress look then?

Mrs. Gordon had resisted, more out of customary opposition than from a rigid belief in her own view. Andrew, she argued, had been entirely deceived, Andrew believed in Menteith, why not Thomas?

Then Ann had cried out that "the shirra was na' sic a sumph, and as for Mrs. Thomas, she had never mak' twa jobs o' it." The sheriff, she pointed out, was much older than Mr. Andrew; he had been married long before Adam left Edinburgh, and Adam had spent many an idle week with him and his wife in their northern home. If Mr. Andrew was a gowk, Mrs. Thomas knew a kent face when she saw it.

By arguments such as these, the maid had conquered the mistress. It was true that Ellen Gordon had a peculiar gift for remembering faces and attaching the right names to them; a gift that implies no great amount of intellect. Ellen was by no means brilliant, but she was a kindly woman who looked at her neighbours with interest, and remembered many quite unimportant particulars of their unimportant lives. It was an old jest of her husband's that were the Register House razed to the ground Ellen could supply the birth and death dates of most of her contemporaries from memory.

To receive her then as a daily visitor, "popping" out and in, "paying her respects" at inconvenient moments, would mean certain betrayal. Adam would be discovered, the little fabric of mystery so carefully woven would be rent asunder.

And why not? one asks. Menteith was by this time very well aware that he had but to throw off the mask to be very cordially received by his family. Rich Uncle Adam would lightly be forgiven the deception Menteith had practised on his kin—an outcry, an exclamation or two, a few laughing reproaches, a day's gossip among the Gordon set, and the metamorphosis would be complete. He would have welcomed entire openness, he who had regretted his error of judgment from the instant he had crossed the threshold of his former home. Did he not stand in hourly fear of detection? Was he not constantly embarrassed, rendered awkward, put to his wits' end to play the part he had assumed? Yes, he would be willing enough to let Ellen "discover" him, fall on his neck, hail him in his true name.

But not so the angry old lady behind her crimson curtains. The little mystification had been life to her; so long as she was not deceived, it gave her a malicious delight to see others talking and acting in beautiful ignorance of the real truth—let them walk a little longer in this vain show, let them reveal themselves to Adam as they were. They looked for no favours from Menteith; towards him they could afford to act naturally, to show the inner self uninfluenced by the hope of sharing his rupees, the dread of offending him. Had ever rich man so noble an opportunity of judging dispassionately, of appraising character aright? No, let the disclosure be warded off for yet a little space; above all, let not Ellen Gordon's be the hand of fate.

"A fusionless woman like Ellen!" laughed the old lady scornfully, "to come meddling and melling when wiser heads than hers had believed what they were told to believe!"

"You'll go over to Miss Primrose's this very afternoon," she said when the letter had been discussed with Ann Lauder; "Mrs. Thomas will be coming by the canal boat from Glasgow, and she'll think it a fine compliment if you're there to meet her. If I'm not deceived, you'll find her in as good health as yourself—for, forbye that you are turning deaf, Ann, and as blind as a bat without the spectacles on your nose, you're a hearty woman for your years!"

"And what for no'?" said Ann, with loud cheerfulness; "I'm young by yoursel', mem, me that can mind you a fine young ledly when I was a bairn in a daidlie, an' for a' ye haud me blind an' deaf, my een an' my ears are like to serve me langer than yours yet—gin ye hinna a patriarch's life to fa' back on."

"You hear me, Ann Lauder—you will go to Castle Street."

"Ay, mem, I hear ye fine, mem. Dinna waste your breath, it's ill talkin' on an empty stammick. I'm to daunder ower to Nancy Primrose's lodgings, an' to tell Mrs. Thomas she needna' come here wheengin' an' complainin', for we canna be doing wi' sick folks, us that has a fine gentleman veeisor on our hands—"

"You're to do nothing of the sort," said her mistress, irritated by Ann's provoking humour. "Who was it, if not yourself, who insisted that Mrs. Thomas should not come to this house? Tell me that, woman!"

"It was me, I'm no' denying it; but I dinna mind saying Mrs. Thomas could even hersel' to me in the maitter o' health, an' what's more, I'll no' say it."

"Who's bidding you say it?"

"I thocht it was yoursel', mem."

"Woman! ye would provoke a sant."

"Eh but," said Ann, with the same cheerful meekness, "I've aye been thankful I couldna' lay that chairge to my conscience. It's a mercy we're baith a wee short in the temper."

"If you say another word, Ann, long as we've been together, we'll have to part."

"It's you that'll hae tae gang then, mem, for I ken fine when I'm weel aff. What's this I'm to say to Mrs. Thomas?"

"You'll give her my compliments," said the occupant of the bed, as if no breeze had ruffled her peace, "and you'll say I'm sorry to hear she's not feeling just herself, and that as we're throng just now, with a gentleman in the house, she needn't be troubling to come over. Tell her I'll take a coach and pay her a visit at the week end, and bid her from me call in Dr. Abernethy. If she must needs fling away guineas she'll at least put them in an honest man's pocket."

"Am I to say that, mem?"

"Say what you choose," said the old lady loftily. "Mrs. Thomas is well aware of my opinion. I pity my son Thomas, wasting his substance on doctors and drugs that you might as well pour into the Firth for all the good they are likely to do anyone, but I daresay he would tell me he knows his own business best."

"Weel, weel," said Ann consolatorily, "when a woman has her man's purse to dip intil, there maun

aye be something; it micht hae been gum-flowers an' sic like conceits (with a dark allusion to Mrs. Alec's love of finery), an' that wad hae been waur."

She herself had scarce more sympathy than her mistress with imaginary ailments. The sturdy old women belonged to a generation that held illness to be a weakness of which one ought to be ashamed. "If you suffer, bear in silence," was a rule of their youth; and though this Spartan doctrine had its evil side, surely it had disciplinary uses too?

But when Ann's shocked eyes saw the faltering, shaken woman half lifted out of the cab at Miss Primrose's door, she could no longer doubt the justice of the doctor's opinion. Surely if death were to be cheated, there was indeed "no time to lose." Ann's heart was a warm one, and it went out pitifully to the sufferer. Could it be the same Mrs. Thomas she had seen a year before, big and buxom then, if not blooming—this shrunken, wasted woman, with the grey look upon her face as if the last shadows were already falling! She ran out to the cab, pushing Jessie Macfarlane aside almost roughly.

"Hoot awa, lassie, I'm stronger than you," she said as the girl remonstrated; "here, mem, lean on me."

"Ann!"—the invalid's face lighted with a kindly smile—"this *is* good of you. Did Mr. Thomas's mother send you?"

"Ay," said Ann, a little shortly. She was thinking what a very small part of her message would be delivered now. "Dinna weary yoursel' with talking, mem, till we get ye ben the hoose, an' on to the big sofe, where ye'll rest fine and comfortable. It's a weary journey ye've had, but ye'll soon mend. Here, lassie, awa' doon an' ask Miss Primrose to pit on the kettle an' infuse the tea. It's a meeracle hoo a cup o' tea heartens a body."

It was Ann who undressed the sick woman and who waited on her with a tenderness she had never displayed towards her own mistress, who would indeed have resented any such manifestation. But to Ellen Gordon it was as comforting as it was unexpected.

"You find me sorely changed, Ann," she said, trying bravely to smile—"a dying woman."

"Hoot, mem, never gie in."

"Yes, Ann, it's true; I would fain they had let me die at home, in the house where my sons were born, and where my poor man will live lonely—but you see he does not realise—he thinks it's only change I want and—rest—me that has been resting all my life!—and a better doctor."

"He's richt there," said Ann, with an extraordinary assurance in her tones; "I hae nae broo o' they country doctors; bits o' laddies, a' for expeerimentin' on ither folk's insides, but oor Abernethy'll soon pit ye a' richt. The mistress tell't me I was to bid ye ca' in Dr. Abernethy; ye'll no' find an honest nor a skeelie man in Edinburgh and Leith put thegither, an' that's no' sayin' little, mair ways than yin. It was him that pu'd Mr. Thomas through when he was gien up for deed wi' the fever, but you'll no mind that time."

"Indeed I have heard of it from him often and often, Ann, but he would say it was your skilful

nursing and constant unremitting care that saved his life. He has never forgotten it; and who should thank you for it if not I, Ann, to whom I owe the best husband woman ever had?"

"Deed, an' I'm a grand hand at the nursing yet," said Ann, with a little dry laugh that might have covered a sob; "I'm no' to beat at that job, auld as I am. An' gin ye think I saved your man for you, I'll e'en hae to try an' see if I canna set you on your feet again for Mr. Thomas's sake."

The invalid looked at her with a world of wistful yearning in her tired eyes. The homely accents, the experienced touch, even the masterful tone, that set her on a level with the nursery children of long ago, were as balm to her; above all, the rest from a perpetual strain after cheerfulness that had drained her little stock of strength for the last weary months—how precious it was! She had borne herself so bravely, never letting her husband suspect her sufferings; hoping while hope was possible for his sake; writing all her motherly love to the boys across the sea, and the dutiful weekly letter to the head of the house, even when her trembling fingers could scarcely hold the pen—and now—to rest on this rugged old heart and be done with all the poor loving deception!

But only for a moment did she entertain the thought. She could not claim so much; she who had so willingly put herself second all her life.

"It would be a rest, oh, such a rest to me, Ann; but your mistress, I cannot take you from her. She is old, she would miss you; she would not like your absence; you must go back to her. Jessie is a good girl, she will do her very best, and indeed I need little but to be let alone—"

"Noo, noo," said Ann, with grim playfulness, "I hae said it ahint your back, an' I'll say it to your face, you were aye yin o' the tangle-backit kind. Let alane is just what ye manna and sanna be, or ye'll be slippin' atween oor fingers afore we ken where we are."

"But—but your mistress." Ellen turned her head aside. "She—doesn't understand," she murmured. "She will think—it is all fancy."

"Na, she doesna' understand." Ann faced the subject relentlessly. "She'll no' understand till deith himsel' comes chappin' at her door an' cryin' on her by name, an' may be no' even then; but that's no' to haud me back frae doing what's richt an' proper by yin o' the faimily. I'm no' sayin' that that lassie disna' mean weel, but they young things are no' to be lippeden to. Saw ye ever sic a time as she is masking the tea? Ye wad think she had to traivel to China an' back for't! Ye'll gang quietly to bed like a guid wife; the mistress can eat her denner fine wantin' me. She's got grand company to crack wi'. I'll see ye atween the sheets, an' then I'll slip awa ower, and pit twa three duds in a neepkin, an' be back afore the darkening."

CHAPTER XI.—CHECKMATE.

"SO she has taken you in too! Well, well, wonders will never cease! I thought my day for surprises was over—but long as I've known you it seems I've still a deal to learn about you, Ann Lauder!"

Mistress and maid presented a curious contrast, the one, dainty in her afternoon satin and lace, small, fragile, finely scornful—the other broad and rubicund, her face decently framed in a large, sensible bonnet, a filled-in Paisley shawl drawn round her shoulders and arranged so as to dip, cornerwise, over her short skirt at the back. She carried a stout gingham umbrella of a faded blue shade, and a basket with an oilskin cover.

"Ye can pit it that I'm a daft auld fule," said Ann calmly, "an' gin that's your last word, mem, I'll be steppin'. To ken that yin's purpose is richt helps a body through the worst day's darg. I'm ill at leavin' ye, mem, but it canna' be helped. Ye'll mind an' drink your new milk; I hae spoken to the lassies to see that ye want naething, an' I'll be ower mysel' the morn's morning—"

Ann had already exhausted argument, she had even stooped to entreaty: the rigid old lady refused to believe a word she said.

"Has my son Thomas written?" she demanded.

"Has he even so much as hinted at serious illness? And you tell me Mrs. Thomas is dying! Indeed I am little surprised to hear it—she has been dying ever since it was my son's misfortune to marry her, and before that for all I know, but I should have imagined you too old to be taken in with the cry of wolf."

"It's an ower true tale this time!"

"Well, well, it's just wonderful what yammering and tears can accomplish since they can win even you over. Away with ye then, and bide away if ye will. I've lived to near eighty years, and I'm hale and sound yet, and beholden to neither man nor woman that ye should make a to-do about leaving me. You'll find your work cut out for you at Miss Primrose's, waiting on Mrs. Thomas hand and foot, you and Jessie Macfarlane, the pair of ye—so you may save your steps coming over here. You can bide yonder till Mrs. Thomas is mended—or ended."

Ann, for perhaps the only time in her life, went without a retort. Her heart was sore for her old mistress, far more sore than for the ailing woman to whose aid she was going—for Mrs. Thomas was but a step bairn after all, and her own, whom she had served through a long lifetime, came first. It was the same when Bassendean died—the mistress had wilfully, blindly shut her eyes then too, and the shroud was drawn far up upon his breast before she realised—too late for tenderness—that she was losing him. It lay upon Ann's heart uneasily to be going to that sick room without a word or message of kindness to deliver; she knew the hard places in that granite nature, the tongue trained to jibe, lest some fibre of kindness within should stir and strive to find utterance, but for the honour of the house she would have had others blind to the faults she could not hide from herself. Then suddenly a thought struck her, and she turned back upon her steps and climbed the long stair to Mrs. Alec's topmost eerie in Buccleuch Place.

It was the night of Mally's tea-party, and a proud and important woman was she as she looked round upon her guests and served them with tea, cake, and smiles. Mr. Menteith was in high good humour: it pleased him to give pleasure, and the

most modest of men could not hide from himself that his presence afforded his hostess a great deal of satisfaction. Then the girls, Jean and Grizel, with whom he was on excellent terms, were of the company, and two shy young alumni of the University, whose father, a long-headed lawyer, he remembered at school and college. They were awkward, red-headed lads, dumb before the stranger, but the one looked furtively at Jean, and the other blushed with an agonising pleasure at Grizel's saucy sallies; and Menteith, remembering his own far-off youth, thought smilingly of the vague, wonderful, poetical language surging in their hearts, that never passed the barrier of their lips. But it was another than this red-haired boy who should have sat by Jean.

Enter in the middle of this reverie the little maid-servant with the intimation that Mrs. Ann Lauder wanted to speak to the mistress.

Mally looked annoyed. She was tempted to say she was engaged, but Jean looked up anxiously.

"Do you think granny can be ill?" she said.

"Granny is never ill," Grizel reassured her. "I daresay it is only another contribution of scones. Mr. Menteith, *can* you eat any more scones?"

"If you'll excuse me, I'll just speak a word with her," Mally rose reluctantly. "Jean, will you take my place and keep the cups filled?"

"Well, Ann?" she said, putting a little more sharpness into the interrogation than she would have dared to do had she not felt herself queen in her own castle. "Is there anything the matter? Why—" she noticed the basket—"where are you going at this time of day?"

"I'm awa to yin that will no' need me or ony ither lang," said Ann grimly, her habitual contempt for the "weedow" making itself felt. "Ye may as weel ken sune as syne—Mrs. Thomas is lying at deith's door in Miss Primrose's lodgings in Castle Street."

"Impossible!" cried Mally, startled and dismayed. "Why, we have never even heard of her illness."

"Say that ye've never troubled your heid to ken whether she was leevin' or deein', an' ye'll be nearer the truth," said Ann, with a fierceness partly bred of an uneasy conscience. Had she troubled herself any more than the luckless Mrs. Alec?

Mally made an attempt at dignified displeasure, but abandoned it in her need to hear more. "I'm sure mother never mentioned that she was ill," she said, "and I'm very sorry to hear it. But I can't understand it. Here in Edinburgh! Is the Sheriff with her?"

"I hae neither time nor breath to be answering questions," said Ann; "what I can' here for was to bid ye send Adam Gordon hame—"

"Adam Gordon!" Mally's eyes opened to their widest with a stare of surprise. Then with a note of apprehension, "Ann, are you—are you not feeling well? Do you think you ought to be out?"

"Ye may well say!" cried Ann, fit to wring her hands with vexation over her blunder. "I'm fair donnered to speak that gait. It was Mr. Menteith I was speirin' for; it was him I was biddin' ye send back to the Square to keep the mistress cheerie. Mak' some excuse. Tell him the mistress is

wearying on her denner. It was pit aff that he nicht drink his four hours wi' you, an' she does na' like to be pit oot o' her usual. Say that, say *anything*, but send him hame—"

"Did she send you to fetch him?" Mally asked slowly.

"No' she!" said Ann eagerly; "dinna ye see, woman, it's juist me that disna like to leave her sittin' her lane? Ye need say naething, naething ava' afore the company, but that the mistress is wearying: ye needna be frichting the bits o' lassies, but gin ye get a quiet word wi' Menteith, an' I'se warrant ye can manage that, ye can tell him what's garring me set oot at this time o' nicht. The mistress is no likely to mak' a tale o't, but it's as weel he suld ken."

"Very well, Ann, I will remember your instructions. The girls are to know nothing."

"The lassies will ken the morn. There's nae need for sae muckle talk, but ye were aye a bletherin' body, Mally Gordon."

Mally drew herself up.

"Hoots!" cried Ann hastily, "ye needna fly oot at a word. We a' hae oor days when the tongue winna bide still. See to it that Menteith kens, that's no ill to do, an' send him hame."

Mally nodded.

"I'll be over early to-morrow to hear how poor Ellen is. Perhaps I'd better run into 47 on my way? Then I can bring you news of the mistress, as well as take back a message about poor Ellen."

"Ay, dae that," said Ann dryly, lifting her basket and umbrella and facing the long descent. She was saying to herself with bitterness that if Mrs. Alec went to the Square she would be little likely to come on to Castle Street, the poor soul there would have the rest she craved. Truly she would be "in nobody's road."

Mally watched the stout broad figure, as it went downwards with the solid, springless step of age, catching and losing it at each turn of the long stair, till the footsteps grew faint and were lost in the night. How queerly Ann had behaved—she looked so red, so excited. Dark suspicions darted through Mally's mind. Could it be true that Ellen was really ill? But then, Ellen was always ill, and a little more or less scarcely counted in a life of invalidism. Why was Ann so eager that Menteith should go home? Was it all a plot, a scheme to spoil her pleasure? Mally's face flushed deeply with anger; she laughed a short laugh, and, shutting her own front door, turned into the little kitchen.

"Sarah," she said to the little maid, "run over to the Square—never mind the door, I'll answer it; run at once, and bid Susan say to Mrs. Gordon that Mr. Menteith has made such a good tea, he won't be home for dinner. Say he would rather she did not wait. He'll take a bit of supper before going to bed if he wants anything."

To the company in the drawing-room she revealed nothing. "Only some nonsense of Ann's," she said lightly, and the girls, used to Ann's domineering ways, readily enough believed the old woman had come on a mere visit of curiosity to know how the festivity was progressing. And Mally exerted herself to be doubly agreeable. With an effort she put from herself the thought of

the invalid lying helpless under a strange roof: it was most unlikely to be true: spite had made Ann exaggerate the circumstances; if Ellen was in Edinburgh at all, she had come on her annual visit, and was probably tired after the tedious two days' journey. Had her illness been of serious moment the Sheriff would certainly have been with her.



SHE WENT DOWN WITH THE SOLID, SPRINGLESS STEP OF AGE.

Thus ran the undercurrent while she was chatting in her liveliest manner, Menteith listening amused. He was plunged into quite a new set of interests—the trifling everyday interests that made up Mally's life. It was a queer narrow world, this region of high flats thrust up against the grey northern sky, of old-maidish tea-drinkings and little squabbles and little reconciliations—and the stint of thin-lined purses, and the brave making the best of the least. Mally's window gave a prospect of the summer landscape fathoms beneath, and seemed as utterly apart from it as if those green peaceful meadows and crested hills were but a picture hung upon the wall. Did she never come down from her high niche and lose herself in the country fragrance?

Not she! Mally confessed herself a town bird who hated the country, and found comeliness nowhere save in the highway that led back to the streets.

Menteith glanced with sly understanding at Jean. They had a secret project to visit the Pentlands together—a plan carefully guarded from everybody save granny, who approved—and the look said as

plainly as eyes can say it, "We shall not invite Mrs. Alec to be of the company."

Then the tea-table was cleared and round games became the order of the evening, and the one middle-aged person present flung off the burden of his years and found himself a boy again, while the young lads grew bold and forgot their shyness; and so merrily did the hours pass that it was much later than he intended it to be before the chief guest bade good-bye to Jean and Grizel at their father's door, and crossed the Square to his own habitation.

Mrs. Gordon accepted his apologies with dignity. "She was glad," she said dryly, "he had amused himself so well; for her part she found neither of her daughters-in-law very entertaining company."

"Tom's wife used to be a nice creature," he said reflectively. "I spent many a happy day under her roof. I must run up and see them both, when you consent to let me drop the mask."

The fine lines about her mouth hardened, but she made no other sign that she had heard his remark.

"I had intended to wait dinner for you," she said, "but when your message came I sat down by myself."

"My message?" He looked puzzled. "Ah, I suppose Ann told you I shouldn't be fit to tackle dinner, and no wonder after such a tea! The sight of the cookies and scones took me back to Bassendean and the Saturday spreads, when we were allowed to invite our school friends. Do you remember?"

"I've forgotten nothing, nothing," she said passionately. "It was a dreary day to me when the Gordons were forced to quit Bassendean. Adam"—she laid her hand on his sleeve—"I've aye looked to you to build it again."

The idea was not new to him; he too had a passionate love for this Border home of the Gordons, the modest cradle of the race long before the clan had migrated northwards and become great and powerful. It was but a remnant of a once goodly property that had passed into and out of the hands of the late Judge, a mere ruin; but to covet land, a heritage on the native soil, is a habit that runs in every Scotchman's blood, and Adam Gordon did not put the thought from him at once, "Pit your siller into grund ye can stand on the tap o'," the safe advice of a keen old Scot, has been followed by many a succeeding generation since he uttered it.

"Do you think the Lorrimers would sell?" he asked musingly.

"That they would, and glad to get half their price," she answered eagerly. "It was just sheer pride made them buy it, and it's been nothing but a millstone round their necks."

"It must be pretty much of a ruin now; it was far gone in Uncle Gordon's day."

"Yes," she said with a smile, "there's 'a routh o'

stances' and little else, but money would mend all that. You're a rich man, Adam—you're the only hope of the Gordons."

"No, no," he protested; "that's unfair to Tom's lads."

"They'll never set the Forth on fire!" she said scornfully; "they've too much of their mother's blood."

"At least they may be counted on to perpetuate the race—to keep the old name alive. Yes," musingly, "Bassendean ought by every right to be the Gordon roof-tree."

"You will marry yourself," said the old lady quickly. "You are the head of the family now."

"Never," he smiled; "I'm too old and too contented a bachelor. Besides, the family oracle is against any project of that kind. Don't you remember Ann's old saw:

"And then comes Adam burd-alane,
And after him there shall be nane."

"Ann lets her tongue run away with her," she said testily. It was easy to blame Ann, but her Highland blood yielded the superstition an unwilling belief.

"Yet the freit has come true in other instances, hasn't it? Well, I for one am content to let the prophet be justified. If Bassendean is built again it will be for no son of mine, though it might shelter me when my work is done."

"Adam!" she looked at him apprehensively. "You are never meaning to go to India again?"

"I must, Aunt Katherine. I got homesick and came off in a hurry, but the truth is, I left everything unfinished over yonder. I must go back to tie up the tangled ends."

"I shall not live to see your return!"

"Don't say that! Why, you will be the first to welcome me to Bassendean! I can't imagine the old place without you. You shall superintend the reconstruction while I'm gone, and in a year or two, when I come home for good, we'll spend our summers there together as we used to do long ago."

"You must marry," she said firmly; "you must defy the old saying."

"And take the consequences? But who would have a greybeard like me? especially with such a sentence of doom attached to him!"

"I would fain see your bairns, Adam," she said, with more tenderness than she had yet shown. "You are a son to me, and Thomas's lads—what are they? Away across the sea, the pair of them, as if broad Scotland was not good enough for them!"

He smiled. Was it not she who had sent him away from broad Scotland because he was not good enough for it?

"Come," he said, "it would ill set me to blame them, who have been a wanderer all my life. Our colonies would fare ill but for young Scotch brain and muscle; and as for Tom's sons, I've always understood that they are hardworking, steady young fellows."

"Oh, steady enough," she said with a fine inflection of scorn, "but the day was when a

Gordon was noted for something more than canniness."

"Or something less!" he laughed.

"Eh, man, but the gay Gordons, the brave light Gordons, with their held-up heads and their spiritry ways, were more to my mind than yon douce, plodding, mim-spoken lads!" Her eyes flashed. "They're Gordon but in name; never with will of mine will I see Ellen Anderson's sons reigning at Bassendean!"

"Well, well," he said, humouring her; "Bassendean is not ours yet, and Ellen's lads will have heads as white as mine before they come back to the old country, as we all do, to die. But Ellen I must see, and Thomas. Don't they generally visit you about this time?"

"Yes," said the old lady very distinctly, "but I hear no word of the Sheriff's coming south yet, and if you take my advice, you'll not be in a hurry to go running after Ellen. She's overly ready to be letting others wait on her. If you will give me your arm I will away to my room, while you take your bite and sup. You will find all in readiness downstairs. And mind," she turned at the door to admonish him, "you put the lights out and see that the door is snecked; the women have gone to their beds."

The white-haired man, who had ruled others all his responsible life, went down feeling like a rather small and chidden schoolboy.

CHAPTER XII.—GRIZEL SHOWS HER HAND.

THE bills had come showering in with a disconcerting promptitude—bills from butcher, baker, confectioner, wine-merchant—and Mr. Andrew looked at them with a very long upper-lip and a settled gloom upon his brow. Presently a thought struck him; he pondered it for five minutes while the tea grew cold in his cup. Then he looked up suddenly, as one who has come to a resolution.

"Where are you going, Jean?" he asked, for Jean had picked up her hat from a neighbouring chair and was putting it on.

"Out," she said superfluously. "It's a bonnie day for a walk, papa."

Mr. Andrew gave a hurried look at the sky. A searching wind had cleared it of clouds; it was a serene, chill blue.

"The weather's casting up," he said; for in the North who takes notice of the east wind, except as a scourge to drive away the rain?

"When the carry gaes east
Good weather comes niest."

"And who may you be going with for company?"

"Mr. Menteith and I were thinking of going to the farm at Castle Law," she answered. "He was there one summer when he was a boy, and he wants to see it again."

"Menteith? You seem to get on with him very well, you lassies."

"He is so delightful," said Grizel, "except when he wants to go walking in the wilds. Then he gets prosy. Nature often has that effect on old

gentlemen. If I was going 'ow'er the hills and far awa,' I'd want a younger spark to keep me company. I wonder at Jean's taste, don't you, papa? And what am I to do with myself when these two go straving over the country? I think you might give Mr. Savory a holiday—he's the only young man handy, and he and I might do some of the sights of the town. That would edify him, and amuse me."

"May be he would prefer another guide," said Mr. Andrew slyly, for Jean had turned her back, and was standing at the window fastening her gloves, and paying no attention to them. "You can take Turnbull if you like; Savory's twice the use he is in the office."

"Thank you," said Grizel with a saucy curtsy; "I prefer to stay at home and darn your socks."

Jean turned slowly round. "You don't mind my going, do you, papa? Mr. Menteith seemed set on it, and there is no one else. Aunt Mally hates the country as much as Grizel."

"If you want a chaperon I think Aunt Mally would be persuadable," said Grizel with dancing eyes. "Shall I run over and ask her, Jean? You'll have plenty of time for reflection and meditation if you take her, for she'll relieve you of the talking."

"I'd rather take you!"

"Oh, but you won't get me."

"Then, papa, I may go? I'll do the marketing first of course, and be home in time for dinner."

"Go and welcome," said Mr. Andrew. "Why not? We can spare you fine, and it's only civil you should do what you can to entertain your granny's guest. He's a queer chap, and very close about his affairs, but he seems disposed to be friendly. I'll come up and shake hands with him when he calls for you, my dear, and, by the bye, you may as well show him in here and leave us to ourselves. There's a word I'd like to say to him."

It was Grizel who opened the door to the visitor. Service was not plentiful in Mr. Andrew's house.

"Mr. Menteith," she said, looking up at him with a roguish smile, "Jean has gone to the butcher's to order a gigot. Do you know what a gigot is?"

"Yes," he said, "I know what a gigot is, and I know that it is served on an 'aschet.'"

"How clever you are! Well, I ought to be making the beds, but I'm going to talk to you instead. Papa has a word to say to you, and I have several whole sentences, so you can choose which of us you'll listen to first."

"Ladies first, by all means."

She led the way up to the grey drawing-room.

"What is it, Grizel?" he said kindly, for she hesitated and did not at once begin. "You surely don't mind asking anything of me, my child? Can't you look upon me as an old friend?"

"I wish you were, Uncle Adam," she said abruptly, her blue eyes searching his.

"Why?" He looked as he felt, disconcerted.

"Because—oh, for many reasons."

"That's a woman's way of giving no reason."

"Then consider me unreasonable; I am going to adopt you as Uncle Adam for the time being. It will make it easier to say what I want to say. You don't object?"

"Would my objections have any weight with you?"

"Not much," she laughed. "It's about Jean, you see, and she's the other half of me, and when anything belonging to me is unhappy—"

"And why should Jean be unhappy?"

"Now I'm disappointed in you!" Grizel shook her head. "When you knew about gigot and aschet, I thought you would know about this, too—though, to be sure, Jean's complaint isn't peculiarly Scotch. Uncle Adam would have guessed."

"Well, Uncle Adam's second self may have his guesses too, if you think he has any business to have them?"

"What's an uncle for," asked Jean pertinently, "if not to take an interest in his nieces?"

"Then, looking at her 'for the time being' as my niece, shall I guess that Jean, your other half, as you call her, has a fancy for a change of partnership?"

"And conceive of her choosing an Englishman!" said Grizel, with all grandmamma's scorn. "Mind, I wouldn't let anybody else say that, though—not even Uncle Adam—for if Jean had set her heart upon a blackamoor, like yon wee man in the turban and necklace that sits above Morocco's Land, she should have him if I could help her to her will. And she'll have her Englishman if you—as Uncle Adam, of course—will do your part."

"And what may that be?"

"Oh, just to manage granny," said Grizel, with a fine dry humour. "You and she seem to be very 'chief.' You'll maybe know the meaning of that word too! If you had been the real Adam Gordon, you could not have got further ben in her good graces."

"I ought to feel very much honoured and flattered," he said gravely.

"You should that, seeing you are only Mr. Menteith after all. If I were Uncle Adam I should be very jealous of you. I should think you had come home to take my place."

"Should you really?" he said. But the words had an uneasy air of trying—and failing—to be light—and why should the colour come up under his sallow skin, and why should a brave and honourable gentleman of fifty, who never had any particular cause to be afraid of his fellow creatures, suddenly look as awkward and uncomfortable as a schoolboy of fourteen in the presence of a charming and pretty young lady of twenty?

Grizel's lips twitched, her eyelids narrowed, and then her laughter brimmed over, and peal after peal rang through the room. He looked at her, doubtful at first whether to scold or entreat, but Grizel's girlish mirth was too infectious to be resisted. Presently his own bass joined in; they gave themselves up helplessly, riotously; the barriers burst, the pent-up feelings of weeks let loose.

"There," she said, recovering herself with a caught breath or two, "that clears the electricity from the air!"

The fit of mirth over, he looked sadly uncomfortable, conscious, awkward. What was he to expect next from this little minx? But she, woman-like, was equal to the situation. A chair

stood between them, and she tilted it lightly back with one hand while she regarded him with just a remnant of mocking mischief in the corners of her eyes. She had had her fun and was prepared for the moment to be magnanimous.

"And now, *Mr. Menteith*," she said, smiling at him, "since you are wise enough to recognise that you are in my power, you will help me if you can, I know. You see it is just this way. There's nothing against *Mr. Savory* except the unfortunate fact that he is an Englishman, and *Jean*—well, she's disposed to overlook that, but it's very little use having a will of your own here unless it happens to agree with the will of the head of the house."

"And your father?"

"Papa? Oh, papa is not against it, not at all, but my papa," she smiled demurely, "has been taught to obey. So you see it all rests with granny and—you."

"You give me a difficult task, *Grizel*. I should deserve the meddler's fate if I interfered without better grounds than you have shown. I couldn't possibly plead *Jean's* cause without *Jean's* permission."

"Seek it, then. She looks upon you as an elderly friend. I daresay if you put it to her she would be willing to consider you *Uncle Adam's* substitute. She will talk to you if you give her a little encouragement. If she forbids you to speak to granny no harm will be done, but that's not likely. Did you ever know lovers refuse a helping hand when the authorities were against them?"

"I don't know much of lovers or their ways, *Grizel*;" he smiled at her indulgently.

"No more do I!" she tossed her head; "but if ever one comes my way I'll know how to manage him and granny into the bargain. But *Jean*, you see—oh, *Jean's* good. You can't make a rebel out of her. She would take her conscience with her if she ran away, and it would never give her any peace."

"So you would run away, eh?" he laughed.

"There's no saying; but you needn't be feared that I'll ever choose an Englishman as my companion!"

He gave no promise of help, and *Grizel* was wise enough not to exact it. *Jean* was his favourite: they were fast friends, those two, and doubtless if he chose he could win her confidence, let him call himself by any name he liked. *Grizel's* bright eyes had discovered a secret which no one else had guessed, and perhaps it was her trust in the man, even more than her belief in the relationship, which made her leave the matter so willingly in his hands. She was loyal to him too; she would not take advantage of the accident that had led to his self-betrayal to announce his secret before the time. Why he chose to make a mystery of his identity she did not know, but she was willing to give him credit for excellent motives. That granny was in the plot she shrewdly guessed; and granny acquiescent, it was very clearly nobody else's business to interfere.

Perhaps she would have seen cause to reverse this careless judgment had she been present at the little interview between the Indian visitor and her father, but it was *Jean* who, to her dispeace, stumbled on its close.

She had returned from her morning marketing, and hurried, her purse and her bundle of tradesmen's books in her hands, to the dining-room to yield her father that exact weekly account which he claimed of his little housekeeper. She had expected to find him alone, but his voice arrested her as she opened the door—and before she realised that she was listening, or had time to withdraw unseen, she heard her father say—

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, *Mr. Menteith*, for the accommodation. A rich man like you can scarcely be expected to understand the straits a poor man with a family is sometimes put to, to make ends meet. We are not all so fortunate as your friend *Adam*. I look upon this as a loan from him. You know we were brought up as brothers, him and me, and his purse is as good as my own to dip into. When you get back to him over yonder and explain this little matter, he'll understand fast enough, but all the same I'm obliged to



MR. ANDREW THINKS HE HAS DONE A SMART THING.

you for the temporary convenience, sir, and for the handsome way you've met me. It might seem a queer thing to ask if I did not know *Adam Gordon*. But there—you know him too!"

"Yes, yes," said *Menteith* hurriedly. He looked up and saw the slender figure in the doorway in her shabby frock, her mended gloves, clutching the little bundle of books, and the startled shame and the pain that found a home in her dark eyes.

"It's all right," he said with the coolest, clearest unconcern. "I was commissioned by Adam, I may tell you, to execute any little matters of business for him over here, and yours shall be attended to forthwith."

He smiled, and a little of the misery went out of the dark questioning eyes.

"Here's Miss Jean," he said, "come to carry me off to the hills."

"Oh, you're there, Jean?" Mr. Andrew looked faintly uneasy, but Jean's eyes were cast down—there was no rebuke in them. "Are you ready, my dear? It's the books, is it? Well, well, they'll do another time."

"Yes," she said, "I'm ready."

Left alone, Mr. Andrew rubbed his hands slowly together, as if upon review his own conduct pleased him.

And indeed it was a smart thing to do, and a thing that might have occurred to no other than this keen Writer to the Signet, to get Adam out in India to pay for his friend's dinner at home!

CHAPTER XIII.—AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

THERE is never a still day on that breezy hillside; the winds of heaven are nearer it than in the crowded city streets, and they rush playfully from every corrie, and chase each other across the grass till the flattened blades turn a silver face to the spectator, as the sea on which the morning sun shines. The few stunted trees in the enclosed kail-yard of the upland farm are bent one way, like old rheumatic men who cannot lift bowed backs or straighten crooked limbs; the house itself, standing solitary upon its heights, has a weather-beaten, "begrutten" look upon its dim grey face, as of much contending with the elements. Up here, looking across the wide acreage of woods and meadows and crops—a chequer-board of hedgerows, with here a red-brown square where the earth has been turned by the plough, there a tender green of springing wheat—Edinburgh lies far at your feet—a blurred stain of grey smoke out of which rise the Castle and Arthur's Seat, and the wooded ridges of Corstorphine, and beyond them, circling her in smiling sunshine, her girdle of white villas—so near it all is, and yet so infinitely far away! For not a sound of her going to and fro reaches this kingdom of the sheep; she is silent as the little towns that sit upon the sea-edge across the wide Forth, or as Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi in the far north-west—a city of the dead for all that voice or hum of her traffic disturbs the traveller. And to lose even so small a reminder of man's handiwork as her distant roofs and spires, you have but to climb a pace or two beyond the farm, and, facing the other way, to look down into the shadowy hollows, with a silver glint of water in their bosoms, and up to the purple crowned summits, lifting lonely heads to the clouds, and, save for the plaintive bleat of innumerable sheep, the cry of a moorland bird, the babble of a burn, as it slips between the reeds, you have the world fresh as it came from God's hands.

Menteith and Jean sat looking towards the town they had left. The luncheon basket was empty, for the air on these heights is keen, and not even young sorrow can forego its appetite. The wind had buffeted Jean's wide hat till she wearied of the battle and took it off, and then, in revenge, it made a mockery of her curls; it brought the red blood into her pale cheeks too, and the light into her dark eyes; she was too young, too full of healthful, involuntary resistance, to lose her fine tints or her love of life because the desire of her heart might remain unfulfilled.

Her silent neighbour was thinking of her, with that tender, half-playful interest the middle-aged feel for those who are still at life's outset, and in the thick of its conflict. At fifty so many things seem more important than a hitch in love's true course; so long ago has love itself learned to take a subordinate place in the art of living. But he who was Jean's companion had kept his sympathy with youth though his head was white, and he longed to comfort his little friend.

"It is good to be up here," he said, at last breaking the silence, "within sight of the world, and yet well out of it; there is something heartening in the glimpses of those distant spires and roofs. I can fancy a man making many fine and noble resolutions, and urging himself to new zeal for work, as he lies here on this green hillside."

"Did you do that as a boy?" she asked.

"Resolves of that kind are not much in boyhood's way," he smiled; "the true boy looks at things in the prehistoric manner without trying to elaborate them. I do not know how it may be with maidens."

"Resolutions are of little use if one makes them," said Jean, "for life is ordered—for girls at least—by others. And it has always seemed to me a weakness to make bargains with oneself one knows one cannot keep."

"Can anyone decide our destiny save ourselves?"

Jean's laugh had a sad little ring in it.

"It is clear you never had a granny," she said, "or you would not ask that question."

"No," he said, "I never had a granny; but when I was a boy there was some one who influenced me, who used her authority to mould my life. I have to thank her for wakening my pride, and showing me that time is not a man's own to use as a spendthrift; but I have often thought that it would have been luckier for me if I had made the discovery for myself. The sooner one learns to go alone, the better, Jean."

"A man can always go alone, but a girl——"

"It may be harder for a woman to decide between opposing claims, but it is none the less her privilege and her right to choose for herself. If she is a coward it is sometimes at the expense of two lives."

Jean's face glowed with distressful colour. It was impossible to misunderstand his meaning, and yet she could not find words either to agree or protest. He did not give her time; he would not unwillingly force her tender secret from her.

"Jean," he said, "I am going to use an old

man's privilege to be garrulous. I am going to tell you a little story."

"About India?" she said, looking up and trying to respond cheerfully.

"Yes, about India—about some one you know there."

"Uncle Adam?"

"To speak of him involves no breach of confidence"—his smile was for himself—"he would be the narrator if he could in his own person; but you may believe I know what I am saying when I speak for him. You think of him as an old man, I daresay, old and white-headed as I am, and you find it difficult to believe that he once had a heart full of ambitions, and high purposes, and wonderful dreams of happiness; but few of us walk through life without some such experience, and it is better for us even to have visions that come to nothing than never to picture a nobler side to life at all.

"Perhaps in India more readily than anywhere else a man may become a dreamer of dreams, for in the India of Gordon's youth—I speak of him as a lad, little older than you, Jean—a man was set solitary, not only with leagues of dividing sea cutting him off from his home and kindred, but often with a whole day's journey between him and another white face. And with nothing but the brooding mystery of nature all round him, nature with the print of God's creating fingers on it uneffaced by man, one gets to have long, long thoughts, Jean, and many home-sick fancies. It was when Adam Gordon was at his loneliest—when months had passed since a comrade had visited his outpost, and he seemed to himself cut off from the world of living men and women—there came with sudden unexpectedness a new influence into his life. Travellers arrived at the solitary jungle station, a brother and a sister, he on Government duty, and she as his companion. She had landed at Calcutta a few months earlier on a visit to her only brother, and was brave enough to accompany him when duty took him into the wilds. There were not many ladies even in the cities and settled parts of India in those days, and you can guess what a wonder her gracious presence seemed in this forgotten corner, where for so many weary months Gordon had not heard a friendly voice speak to him in his own tongue. It was his happy lot to entertain them while business kept them there, and in such rough fashion as was possible he did his best to be hospitable.

"And every day the wonder of her ways grew on him. Seen anywhere, in any setting, one must needs have loved her, for she was young, and beautiful, and good; but there, against the rough background of camp-life, where woman's voice and the sweep of her garments, her dainty ways, her gift of turning a habitation into a home, her music, her laughter, were all unknown before, she seemed to him almost like an angel out of heaven."

He paused as if he were dwelling on that long-ago time, as if, Jean thought wonderingly, it were some wakened chord in his own heart that brought that vibration to his voice.

"Yes," he said, rousing himself with a little smile, "the inevitable happened, as it must needs happen, and Gordon saw those dreams of his begin to be realised when he held her promise to be his wife. For love, happy love, wakes the best in all of us, Jean, and if ever a man rises to his highest it is when he first learns the meaning of that word. They had but one day to enjoy the new relation as a betrothed pair, for on the next her brother, his business over, had made preparations to leave. It was his intention to take his sister to the nearest port and see her on board a homeward-bound ship. She was an orphan, but for many years she had lived with relatives near London, and she was now returning to them. It was arranged, however, her brother cordially consenting, that she should sail again for India in about a year, when Gordon should have a better and less desolate home to offer her.

"It was a happy year for the greater part of its course, Jean; Adam Gordon no longer knew the meaning of loneliness, for she was ever present in the rooms she had made so home-like, with scarce, as it seemed, a touch of her small hands, and the arid desert round him blossomed like a rose. The days when her letters came were epoch-making in his quiet life; they were good letters, full of womanly sweetness and delicate reticence, but as the months went by there crept into them a vague note of distress, of hesitation. It seemed natural enough; the time was drawing near for their marriage, and a woman gives a great deal when she surrenders her future into other hands. He would not have had her think too lightly of it, and knowing what a rough fellow he was at best, and how unworthy of her, and remembering the sacrifice she was making for him in leaving home and friends, he vowed that all the best he had it in him to be or to do should be hers. A man is a lifelong debtor, Jean, to the woman who loves him."

"You knew him very well?" she said when he again paused.

"Yes," he smiled; "I know Adam Gordon as no one else knows him, in his weakness and in his strength, and I know how near he came to make surrender to his worst self when the happiness of his life failed him. For she never came to claim her debt; she never gave him a chance to show her what she might have made of him."

Jean looked at him, her little face keenly stirred with interest, and with pity and pain that in some dim way went out to the man at her side, rather than to the far-off Adam in India.

"Did she—marry some one else?" she asked, half timidly.

"No; poor Mary, she was incapable of that sort of infidelity. I believe Gordon had an undivided place in her heart to the last, but—there was some opposition at home. The engagement had been sanctioned, but when the time of separation drew near, the uncle and aunt with whom she lived thought the East too far off; they could not make up their minds to lose her, and—Mary yielded. She was timid and gentle; she could not face opposition or live in dispeace, and to leave discord behind her would have poisoned her happiness in the new life; it seemed to her easier to sacrifice

love, which she had persuaded herself was only a selfishness on her part."

"But—Uncle Adam——"

"She did not know what it was to him," he said, hastening to excuse her; "he was but an unready fellow, with no knack of speech, no art to tell all he felt; and I daresay she believed in her humility that he would soon forget her."

"She could not have thought that if he had gone to fetch her. Perhaps it was the lonely outset that frightened her."

"I have often thought that life would have been differently ordered for both had he been able to plead in person; but it was impossible for him to take leave at the time except at the ruin of his career. Even had he been willing to risk that, she forbade it. He should not find her, she wrote, if he came. Her only hope of keeping to her resolution and pleasing those who had been as parents to her lay in their meeting no more. He could but obey——"

"And afterwards?" she questioned eagerly. "Oh, surely that was not the end of it!"

"It was the end of their dream of life together. They never looked each other in the face again, but after some years there was a renewal of correspondence. It was as a re-birth of hope to him, for her uncle and aunt were dead, and no shadow of duty claimed her, but her courage could not rise to a fresh effort. She died ten years ago, and everything she possessed was willed to Adam Gordon. Her money went to found a school in Calcutta for the education of native girls, and it has done good work; her picture and other little relics Gordon kept. Perhaps one day, when you have made some man happy with your love, Gordon, come home for the last time to the old country, will show them to you, Jean."

"I hope he will," she said, very low.

"A melancholy story for so bright a day, is it not, my child, and all over, even the pain of it, long ago; but do you guess why I have told it you, Jean?"

"Yes," she whispered, her voice faltering; "and I thank you for putting aside the pain it must have given you—to warn me."

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "to warn you, in Gordon's place—in Mary's place, as she would warn you, could she re-live the past. She saw it very clearly in the end, I believe, and realised that in yielding to the will of others she was betraying a sacred promise. She was good and pure, and her love would have blessed any home, but she lacked the courage to choose the right at the decisive moment, and so made two lives desolate."

Jean sat silent a long time. When she looked up there was still a faint perplexity in her dark eyes.

"We are told that we should honour our parents," she said, "and in my case that must surely mean granny as well?"

"Certainly it does; but love has its claims too, and they must not be sacrificed to prejudice. But don't run away with the idea, little Jean, that I am counselling revolt. We must fight by fair means, and win if we can."

"You are the best friend we ever had," said Jean

very simply and sweetly; "granny feels that too, I know. Perhaps if you were to speak to her——"

"Shall I tell you," he said, with a sly twinkle of fun, "how I came to get leave to go on this ramble with you? Mrs. Gordon was expecting company—a young gentleman to tea——"

The colour swept over her face with a flush of red from neck to brow. She clasped her hands nervously.

"Oh, if I had known!" she said with distress. "That will spoil everything. He—he won't understand granny."

"Don't you think one sturdy young Englishman is a match for any old lady?"

"It is just that—it is because he is English——" Jean gave a helpless laugh. "I don't blame granny. I have felt it and fought against it myself. We are different, we of the North and the South. Granny is right; there is a world to divide us, and very, very little to draw us together."

"Love takes no note of such differences, Jean. It overleaps all barriers."

"Ah, if one could be quite, quite sure! But sometimes I think I could not be happy anywhere away from Scotland. The love of it is born in us; it is a bit of ourselves. I am afraid—even if I were very happy—I should grow home-sick for the look of our bonnie hills and the sound of our mother-tongue. You see"—she looked at him wistfully—"I have never been anywhere else."

"No, you have never been anywhere else, but you are young, my child; you have gone but a little way in life, and the young bear transplantation where the old would droop and die. You would not be leaving home behind. You would be making a new one somewhere else. Besides, little friend, love that is asked to make no sacrifices, to bear no burdens, brings a lesser blessing."

"It is only that one wants—to be loyal," said Jean with anxious, honest eyes. "If I were to go away and—be sorry afterwards! Oh, I should wish I had died!"

"If you know the meaning of your own heart, my child, you need not be afraid. Trust it, and all the rest will be very simple and easy. A woman, I can well believe, must take her confidence in both hands, when she gives her life into a man's keeping; but the best of us, Jean, are faithful to the vows we make. Trust one who has seen many sides of life when he bids you be brave, and assures you you will never repent."

"I will," she said, her eyes shining, her cheeks aglow. She made no allusion to the story he had told her, but inwardly she was saying: "I was thinking only of myself—but I will not spoil two lives."

When they were going together down the steep hill-track she said shyly:

"You spoke almost as if—you knew him." He laughed cheerfully.

"Did you suppose I was going to turn you over to a young man of whom I knew nothing?" he said. "That would scarcely be the part of a friend."

"I didn't know," she said, too happy to ask any questions. Nor did he tell her—what young Savory himself was ignorant of—that the guardian

of whom the young man spoke was an old acquaintance of early Indian days ; for what was he to Frank Savory but Menteith, Jean's elderly friend ?

"So you are going to join the great multitude of those who despise England while they yet consent to live and flourish there !"

"It is our revenge—for Flodden."

"That excuse has always seemed to me a lame one. We make too much lament over Flodden. It was fought for no great principle, to right no crying wrong ; it deserved no victory."

"But think of the splendid courage—the bravest and the best giving their lives without a thought of self. Was there no honour in that ?"

"Honour enough, but the cause was unworthy—a pique, a whim, a woman's caprice, these do not justify kings in going forth to battle, spilling honest blood."

"Ah, wait till I sing 'The Flowers of the Forest' to you."

" 'I heard them liltin' at our yowe milkin',
Lassies a' liltin' before the break o' day ;
An' now there's a moanin' on ilka green loanin',
For the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away.' "

"Sing it now, Jean ; I was thinking of it yesterday when I was looking at the old West Port in the Flodden wall—built in haste and sorrow, the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other, and the old enemy moving on the farther bank of Tweed. A brave bit of winter work that. And there was an old law revived that forbade the women to weep in the streets for their dead, lest they should dishearten the living in their task of defence. Stern Scotland spoke there."

"They wept in their hearts," said Jean. "There's a wail in the song that is far more than tears."

So she sang it, sitting on the moss-grown dyke at the bottom of the hill where the burn sparkles between big trees, and the fields and woods of a great country house make another kind of silence from that of the hill-top—a humaner silence, with the murmur of wind among green boughs, and the birds for a chorus.

And the pathos of the old lament was in her clear young voice, and its sadness in the quivering notes, for all as if her heart were not tripping to the music of joy.

THE HAUSA PEOPLE.

BY H. H. JOHNSTON, C.B., IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER AND CONSUL-GENERAL FOR CENTRAL AFRICA.

HAUSALAND may be roughly delimited as follows : On the north, by the edge of the Sahara Desert ; on the east, Lake Tshad and the Shari-Logun River ; on the south, the River Benue, down to its junction with the Niger ; and on the west, the River Niger, from the Benue confluence up-stream to the most northerly point of its course. Over all this territory—nearly the whole of which is under British influence—the Hausa language is the most widely spoken tongue ; is, in fact, to the bulk of West Central Africa what Hindustani is over the whole of the Indian Peninsula. Even beyond the above-mentioned limits, however, the Hausa tongue is met with in common use as a *lingua franca* ; westwards across the countries enclosed within the Niger bend, almost to the limits of Senegambia ; north-eastward over the oases of the Sahara to the borders of Tripoli and Tunis ; and east, south-east, and south-west into the countries of Wadai, Bagirmi, and Adamawa. Even within Hausaland proper there are still subsisting other languages in local use. The conquering



caste of the Fulbe, or Fulas, who maintain a waning rule over Hausaland, still speak the Fulbe language amongst themselves. In the powerful kingdom of Bornu along the shores of Lake Tshad the Kanuri tongue is used by the common people. Along the course of the Niger there are numerous

dialects belonging to the Songhai family; there are also the Batta, the Musgu, and innumerable little-known languages and dialects still in local use; but throughout all this territory it would be surprising to meet with a man who did not more or less understand Hausa.

The commercial enterprise and the conscientious Mohammedanism of the Hausa-speaking peoples actually carry the use of their language right across the Soudan from the borders of Senegambia to the coast of the Red Sea, and northwards to Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli. The Hausa language was first studied by Englishmen in Cairo, where

hundred miles behind Old Calabar, in the Bight of Biafra. The German explorers of the Cameroons have encountered Hausa slave-traders on the upper reaches of those rivers which flow into the Cameroons estuary. Hausa-speaking people come to Salaga behind the Gold Coast; and, indeed, it is chiefly from that territory lying between the Gold Coast and the Niger that recruits are principally obtained for the Hausa regiments serving in the Gold Coast Colony.

And yet in physique and appearance it is not easy to define a Hausa type. The physical characteristics of a Pulo¹ (Fula), when pure blooded, are unmistakable—the light olive skin, the kinky hair, the features finer than those of the typical negro, and the ampler and more regular beard. Again, it is easy to say that such and such men are Mandingoes, or that others are Tuaregs, Moors, Kruboys, or Wolofs; but it is very hard to define what you mean by a Hausa, unless it is a man who speaks that language as his customary tongue. In fact, the Hausa-speaking peoples are really a great medley of negro and negroid races; and, so far as their outward appearance goes, the only characteristics they may be said to possess in common are a fairly good stature, thin legs with high calves and slightly bowed shin, a black skin, high cheek-bones, a slightly aquiline nose, thinner lips than the typical negro's, and a fairly abundant growth of beard, and long wiry moustaches. As is the case with so many of the inferior races of mankind, the men are much taller, stronger, and better-looking than the women. There was no doubt originally a Hausa race, a small tribe speaking the Hausa language, and originally coming from the Sahara towards the Soudan. The accepted tradition amongst the Hausas themselves is that their ancestors were Goberawi, or people from the Gober district, somewhere in the direction of the high Tibesti Mountains. They were probably, therefore, much more of a negroid than a negro type, and no doubt a direct link between the Hamitic or Libyan race (which again

was an earlier offshoot from the Semitic stock) and the true negroes.

The most interesting point about the Hausa tongue lies in its evident relationship, on the one side, to the Hamitic or sub-Semitic languages, and, on the other, to certain types of negro speech. The most marked Semitic feature in the language, a feature equally characteristic of the Hamitic group, is the attribution to the letter "t" of a feminine sense. Hausa is a sex-denoting language,

¹ By the peculiar inflections of the Fula language, *Pul-o*=a Fula man; *Ful-be*=the Fula people; *Ful-ful-de*=the Fula language, and so on.



HAUSA NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.
(By permission, from a photograph by Dr. Rowland.)

they learnt it from Hausa-speaking slaves. It was in Egypt, I believe, that Sir George Taubman Goldie, the Vice-Chairman of the Royal Niger Company (then an officer in the Royal Engineers), first picked up such knowledge of Hausa as he possesses. I myself first became acquainted with the Hausa people and their language in the city of Tunis, and subsequently, in 1884, I met at Assiut in Upper Egypt Hausa-speaking merchants who had come from Darfur, and who had quitted the banks of the Niger about five years previously. Again, I have met with traces of Hausa influence on the Upper Cross River, not more than one

which fact alone should serve to connect it with the Semitic and Hamitic forms of speech, for none of the true negro languages possess this distinction.¹ An African language may make grammatical discriminations between living beings and things without life, between what is animal and vegetable, between things that are strong and things that are weak,² between humanity and what is not human, and may originate special class-distinctions for nouns dealing with liquids, nouns indicating trees, and nouns indicating place, but no attempt is made to distinguish between the male and female genders. On the other hand, the Hausa tongue, while showing evident signs of relationship or common descent with the Egyptian, Libyan, Gala, and with the Semitic group in its possession of the feminine particle "ta," in the forms of its pronouns, in some of its numerals, and even in certain noun-roots, also shows many signs of affinity to certain great families of negro languages, notably to the Bantu.

Whilst, however, the Hausa language is of the deepest interest to the philologist, it is of quite exceptional importance to those who are interested in the government and commercial development of the Central Soudan. Hausa, in fact, is one of the four great languages of Africa. The others are English, Arabic, and Swahili. Arabic will for almost all time be the dominant language of common intercourse over the North of Africa, the Northern Soudan, the Nile valley, and the Eastern horn of Africa. English is already the *lingua franca* of the West Coast belt and of all Africa south of the Zambezi, and before long will extend its influence through the American missionaries into the interior of Angola; and Swahili will become the Hindustani of Bantu Africa between the sources of the Nile and the river Zambezi. But between Arabic on the one hand, and English and Swahili on the other, the melodious and expressive Hausa language will be the dominant tongue of the Central and West Soudan, of the whole Niger basin down to the confluence with the Benue, of the basin of that latter river, and thence eastward and southward as far as the watersheds of the Congo and the Nile.

As it now lies with England to rule and de-

¹ With the exception of the Hottentot and, possibly, of the Bushmen; but several authorities on African languages have suggested a very ancient connection between the Hamitic group and the languages spoken by the debased yellow negroid tribes of South Africa.

² This is characteristic of the Masai group, and is a condition which is to some extent related to the sex-denoting distinctions, for all that is male is placed in the strong class, and all that is female in the weak class.

velop the territories of the Central Niger and of the countries bordering on Lake Tshad, it is especially incumbent on us that we should actively develop a study of the Hausa language. As a matter of fact, it was an Englishman who first, so to speak, discovered this tongue; and the only published works dealing with Hausa are in the English language, and are written either by Englishmen or by Anglicised Germans in English employ.³

If we are alive to our duties and to the value of Africa as a huge market for our manufactures, we shall before long establish professorial chairs at the universities for the study of Hausa and Swahili; and



HAUSA PEOPLE.

(By permission, from a photograph by Dr. Rowland.)

the aspirants to a not far-off African Civil Service will be able to acquire in England a sufficient knowledge of these two great languages to qualify for service in the Niger territories and in British Central Africa.

As already stated, the Hausa people furnish the best of our armed forces in West Africa. Amongst them are recruited the men for the Gold Coast Constabulary and the Lagos Police. They have

³ In connection with this subject the name of one of the greatest amongst African travellers, Dr. Henry Barth, should never be forgotten. Barth was an explorer of the first rank. His name is to be classed with those of Livingstone, Stanley, and Emin Pasha.

also proved the mainstay of the armed forces of the Congo Free State; Great Britain, with the good nature peculiar to herself, having allowed the King of the Belgians to recruit his police in her territories. The Hausa are also singularly deft in most trades and manufactures. They have a very strong artistic sense of design and colour, as is manifested in their leather work, their saddlery, their household utensils, and their clothes. Compared with the naked negroes, they are a much-clothed race, and usually wear voluminous "taubs"—big-sleeved garments stretching from the neck to the feet. The head covering is usually a small round worked cap, fitting rather close to the head, and of some white cotton material. Their "big men" and "sultans" occasionally wear the crimson tarbush of Northern Africa, with a turban wound round it. They are celebrated for their skill as dyers, and for this purpose they have much developed the manufacture of indigo. Such literature as they possess is mainly Arabic in origin, and they are attentive students of the Koran. They are all Mohammedans, but do not display the same amount of intolerant fanaticism which is met with amongst the Moors and Fulbe, or in the people of the Eastern Soudan. At the same time their Moham-

medanism preserves them to a much greater extent from the curse of alcohol than it does the dissolute Fül people.

And yet, though the Hausa possess so many admirable qualities, and such a spirit of enterprise, they are like the Poles: they have seldom been able to govern themselves. There is practically no independent Hausa State. All Hausaland is still theoretically under the dominion of an emperor and satraps of the Fül race. Several centuries ago a tribe of light-coloured negroids, who, whether they originated or not in the east of Senegambia, at any rate made their first great concentration there, embraced the Mohammedan religion and spread over the whole Niger basin in a flood of conquest. Hitherto Hausaland had been partially dominated by the Kanuri kingdom of Bornu, but it now came into the possession of the Fül dynasty, which founded the Empire of Sakatu (Sokoto), with its subsidiary satrapies of Adamawa, Nupe, Gandu, and Azben. The Fulbe still remain as a governing class in Hausaland; but their power is fast decaying, and their governing rights have already been transferred by treaty to the Royal Niger Company. This Association will do for Hausaland what the East India Company did for the peninsula of Hindustan.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BORN at Edinburgh in the mid-year of the century, and dying before its close, Robert Louis Stevenson may be said to have barely reached the prime of his life and the maturity of his art. Self-bound apprentice to the profession of letters, he bent all his hereditary taste for romance, all his remarkable power of observation, each experience of life to his purpose, going about, in those student days he has so felicitously described for us, always with two books in his pocket, one to read, and one to write in. He came of an engineering race—his grandfather having planned and finished the Bell Rock Lighthouse—and his father, as a young man, having shared in the arduous triumph of building Skerryvore. These labours of his sires,

The towers we founded and the lamps we lit,

were always a proud memory to him; and, had his delicate health not weighed in the scale, it is possible that the career he first thought of, that of an engineer, might have been pursued, and literature become the pastime, not the business, of his life. Engineering abandoned, it was decided that he should study law. After a desultory attendance at the qualifying classes, he was called to the Scottish bar. "A lanky, pale-faced youth, with piercing eyes, ever in a hurry, cigarette in mouth, and muffler round his neck," he was a familiar figure in the college quadrangle during his student days, almost invariably bound, however, on private rather than academic business, and graduating

with honours in the informal school of letters, while he made a shift to pass in law.

His ostensible profession he never put in practice, and there is a story that when a case appeared in the calling list in his name, some mischievous friend, who hastened to tell him he must appear, sent him hurrying in alarm to examine the roll, to find, much relieved, that the matter was purely formal. He had previously launched, with two or three fellow-students, a short-lived college magazine, "a grim fiasco," nobody would buy it (although now the few surviving copies fetch their weight in gold). "Nobody would read it," he says, "and I kept wondering how I should be able, upon my compact income of twelve pounds per annum, payable monthly, to meet my share in the expense. It was a comfortable thought to me that I had a father." Profiting by this experience, he set himself to the safer task of writing for magazines, this with increasing success until, when "Ordered South" appeared (he being somewhere about the age of twenty-five), he told a friend he could now count on an income of £300 a year from his pen. The last nineteen years of his life were spent in many homes—London, Bournemouth, Hyères, Davos-Platz, California, and finally Samoa; all were visited in search of a climate more congenial than that of his own city, where, as he once wrote, "The weather is raw and boisterous in winter, shifty and ungenial in summer, and a downright meteorological purgatory in the spring. For all who love the blessings of the sun

there could hardly be found a more harassing place of residence. Many such aspire angrily after that Somewhere Else of the imagination where all troubles are supposed to end."

Even the austerities of his native climate were not without a bracing effect on character, he held; and he claimed the same wholesome quality for the mental atmosphere in which Scottish youth is (or rather was, a generation since) reared. "About the very cradle of the Scot there goes up," he says in "The Foreigner at Home," "a hum of metaphysical divinity; and the whole of the two divergent systems (*i.e.* Scotch and English) is summed up, not merely speciously, in the first two questions of the rival catechisms, the English tritely inquiring, 'What is your name?' the Scottish striking at the very roots of life with, 'What is the chief end of man?' and answering nobly, if obscurely, 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever.' I do not wish," he goes on, "to make an idol of the Shorter Catechism; but the very fact of such a question being asked opens to us Scotch a great field of speculation."

Seldom as he was seen of late years in his own land, both face and figure impressed themselves unforgettably on the memory; whether one marked the tall, lean figure in ordinary evening dress, standing somewhat aloof with the air of a keen, amused, but kindly observer, in some crowded drawing-room; or watched and listened to the full flow of his brilliant talk among a chosen and congenial few; or met him by chance (and this is the last sight of him one friend recalls) leaning, stockless and clad in the oldest of approximately yachting clothes, in the doorway of the Hawes Inn at Queensferry, imperturbably watching the humours of a summer holiday crowd. His eccentricity in dress seemed inherent—his black flannel shirt and green tie at one time, and at another a red and black sash, "which served both for suspenders and cummerbund," scandalised some few prosaic and conventional minds among his acquaintance. Louis, they decided, was affected, and they were necessarily the last to admit the possibility of his genius.

To know his life, himself, no inquirer need depend on the aid of biography or reminiscence gossip. Both are mirrored in his books. "The author," as he says himself to an intending author, "labours in a craft to which the whole of his life

is tributary, and which opens a door to all his tastes, his loves, his hatreds, and his convictions, so that what he writes is only what he longed to utter." Those who knew him best, know that this is a literal description of the method by which he transmuted his life into his books.

"To sit still and contemplate . . . to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are, is not this to know wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have all the fun of the procession." These words from a chapter in his "Virginibus Puerisque," sum up very fully the philosophy of Stevenson's life as well as the scope of his art. Debarred by weak health from flag-carrying, he accepted with keenest

zest the position of an observer, and from his outlook described for his fortunate readers the humours, the tragedies, the pathos, and the follies of the great many-coloured pageant of life.

This is, of course, the position an essayist must, to be successful, adopt. He must be the impartial looker-on who comprehends the game at a glance, disengaged, cool, aloof from the dust and confusion surrounding strenuous players. And yet how warm this observer's sympathies are—how cordial and free from cynicism are his comments. As Thackeray brought to light the potential snob in unsuspected quarters, so Stevenson

reveals the idealist, and often where we least dream of finding him. His doctrine is that all men live by some ideal. And his imagination serves him to conceive sympathetically "a poet in the full tide of life," not only in Father Damien or "an old Scotch Gardener," but even in such a cheerless wretch as Dancer the miser, who "for the love of more recondite joys which we cannot estimate, which, it may be, we should envy, had willingly foregone both comfort and consideration." "No man," he says further on in the same matchless essay ("The Lantern-Bearers"), "lives in the external truth among salts and acids, but in the warm phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls." With his life and art consistently based on the pervasiveness and force of the Ideal—it is not to be wondered that, in fiction, Stevenson should have been among the leaders of an able attack upon the school of morbid



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

realism of late in possession of the field. To devote oneself to the analysis of known poisons, to dissect exclusively cases of moral malformation and disease, to systematically ignore the spiritual element in every material existence, he held rank infidelity to the true art of literature, and had keen words to express his contempt for those realistic writers, English and foreign, whose cleverness, he says, "fills me with despairing admiration, and whose consistent falsity to all I care to call existence with despairing wrath."

Novels of ardent adventure—in which form he chose to express his ideas of what fiction should be—have again become popular, and at least share the honours of public interest with mild afternoon-tea type of tales on the one hand, and dramas exploiting dismal doctrines of heredity on the other. Stevenson's handful of characters have all a real zest for life, and though no mortal may foretell immortality for any writer's work, it seems probable that, even should they and all their doings cease to interest the reading world, preserved in the amber of their author's masterly English, they have a long future before them.

His characters, I said, but might better have said his men. Women he could not create. One is tempted to suspect old Mackellar to be but Stevenson's mouthpiece, when he says, "I have never had much toleration for the female sex, possibly not much understanding, and being far from a bold man I have ever shunned their company." When Stevenson changed the title of "David Balfour" to "Catriona" (this accented pronunciation being that he asked for the name) his readers hoped they should at last find his ideal woman portrayed. And indeed when Catriona comes stepping down the High Street, with her eyes like stars and her screen of the Drummond colours, we fall in love with her at first sight. She proves an unformed girl, this charming child, reserved and uncommunicative to the end of the story—and though we read with eager sympathy the history of the boy-and-girl love affair—that "cage of rushes" in which she and her hero are taken captive—we know her little better at the end than at the beginning. Miss Grant, Princess Seraphina, Mamie, Mrs. Henry Durie, how cleverly sketched they are! And yet one sees that the artist who drew them did not know their language, and often could not guess what they meant to say. We could do almost as well without them as with them, we incline to think; they are but the superfluous girls in a boys' game—and "Kidnapped" unshadowed by a petticoat is every whit as good as "Catriona."

This marked limitation, curious in so subtle and versatile an author, only affects Stevenson's fiction. In no other department of literary work is sex of account; we are all one in the impersonal interests of poetry and philosophy, and it is in these, as presented severally (and often together), in his poems and essays, that Stevenson most fascinates his readers. His few Scots verses are held worthy, in his native land, to hold a candle to those of Burns, and in themselves ensure fulfilment of the modest hope which prefaces them. Foreboding the day "when this illustrious and malleable tongue" (Scots) shall be forgotten, he says, "Till

then I would love to have my hour as a native Maker, and be read by my own country-folk in our own dying language; an ambition surely of the heart rather than of the head, so restricted as it is in prospect of endurance, so parochial in bounds of space."

His writings abound, as did his speech, in expressions of such patriotic feeling, veiled, often, in a playful tone of exaggeration. "I am pained," was his postscript to a recent private letter, "to see N.B. on your letter paper. I don't know if it means New Brunswick, or North Berwick, or Never Beat, or Never Bother, or Nota Bene; but it cannot mean Scotland. . . . Let it, dear — be amended."

His English verse is often happy, graceful and suggestive, although slender in volume. Each poem in the "Child's Garden of Verses" is a microcosm, the reflection of a whole landscape caught in a dew-drop, and of the graver poems in "Underwoods," it is interesting to feel as one reads that they convey, as do his essays, the sum of his philosophy of life. The best are too well known to quote; I will only instance "The Celestial Surgeon," "Our Lady of the Snows," and the noble lines beginning "Not yet my soul," as summing up what he constantly urged on his generation as the debt of man to men—fulfilment of "the great task of happiness," of interest, of strenuous effort. Writing to a young author, Stevenson said, "If you are to continue to be a law to yourself, you must beware of the first signs of laziness. This idealism in honesty can only be supported by perpetual effort; the standard is easily lowered, the artist who says 'It will do' is on the downward path."

Of his own work he was as severely critical. "I write my chapters over and over," he used to say. "I have been three weeks at work over a single chapter," he told a reviewer. "Sometimes of a whole day's work not a sentence will stand." And he says again, "When I am making a point, I try to do so in the smallest possible space." This remark accounts for the brilliant finish of his style at its best. "Literature," as Carlyle wrote to Jane Welsh, "will not constitute the food of any true human spirit. Literature is the *wine* of life." For the finest of this wine we are indebted to the essayists of all times. Montaigne, Bacon, Hazlitt, Lamb, Emerson—how much helpful stimulus do we not owe to their distilled observations of life; how much needed restoration of the powers of hope, belief, endurance, to their quintessence of stored wisdom? Of this immortal band, whether his fictions and poems endure or not, Stevenson is already one. Too rare, too exhilarating for daily bread, his essays are incomparable as a mental elixir. That armchair by the evening hearth which has "Across the Plains" or "Virginibus Puerisque" on a shelf within arm's length, is a haven to look forward to through a long day's labour. He does you good, heart and mind. His penetration, his enthusiasm, convince, convert you as you read. His wide sympathies discern the kindred spirit and claim brotherhood with all men; he is eager to go shares with his comrade, his reader, in all his treasures of fancy. A college friend said of him,

"Stevenson was always 'supposing.' If the most trivial thing struck his eye as we walked together, he would start supposing—suppose this, that, or the other thing had never happened, supposing you were he under such circumstances."

As in his talk, so delightful to all who heard it, so in his printed pages, he beguiles even unaccustomed imaginations to share his soaring flights—as we read "we are moved with something like the emotions of life." We see with delighted wonder painted windows and storied walls, where before were but the commonplace, whitewashed interiors of our dull brains; and even when the book is closed and laid aside the forms and colours are slow to fade. A suggestive word or phrase writes itself on the memory: that shop of his school-boyhood, "which was dark, and smelt of Bibles"; the resting ploughman "perplexed wi' leisure"; Peden the prophet "wi' his lang chafts an' luntin' e'en"; the "incomparable pomp of eve," in "The House Beautiful," and

The pail by the wall
That was half-ful of water and stars

in "Escape at Bed-time." Every chapter sparkles with such felicities of phrase. His philosophy is as happily put; wisdom was never less cumbrously clad in words. "I have come to that happy moment of my life when I have orders to receive, but none to give." "The man who cannot forgive anything is a green hand in life." "The true babel is a divergence upon morals." "Love is the true answer to pessimism, and the standing miracle of life, ay, love is the solid," and again, "it's measure is kindness." "An imperturbable demeanour comes from perfect patience." "The best that is in us is better than we can understand, for it is grounded beyond experience," and so on. The width of Stevenson's sympathies might be surmised from his power of imagination, and is proved abundantly in his writings. His divining spirit sought and shared the point of view in every fellow-creature who came under his observation—and the great ethical value of his books lies in the fact that they communicate some of his faith and insight to his readers. Life and experience affected him, as he said, all "nobler books" affect us. "These are notes that please the great heart of man. Not only love, and the fields, and the bright face of danger, but sacrifice and death and unmerited suffering humbly supported, touch in us the vein of the poetic. We love to think of them, we long to try them, we are humbly hopeful that we may prove heroes also."

An unwearied preacher (as it surprises some to find him, who marvel at the range of his texts), Stevenson never failed to apply his teaching to life and show it possible of practice. "Religion," as

he says with deep meaning, "does not repose upon a choice of logic, but is the poetry of a man's experience, the philosophy of the history of his life." Talking one day to the children in his friend Miss Large's school at Apia (in Samoa) about the Parable of the Talents, he told them there were three they all possessed—"Tongues, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. Faces, that they must keep as bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. Hands, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'" For older people the burden of his teaching (as insistent as that of any Hebrew prophet) is well concentrated in his beautiful "Christmas Sermon." "There is an idea among moral people that they should make their neighbours good. One person I have to make good, myself. But my duty to my neighbour is much more clearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may."

Stevenson's constant preaching of the Ideal gains immeasurably in value when we realise the high place he holds as an analyst of motive. The sea of human life, to the unthinking but a blue or grey expanse, calm or stormy, was to him close-written as a chart. Currents, cross-currents, shoals, depths, submarine springs and volcanoes, reefs and quicksands, all were observed and traced; and this marvellously clear perception of our complexity of soul makes all his character studies relevant, as mirrors, of unsuspected truth. In one of his shortest stories, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a bull's-eye light is flashed on the world-old mystery of man's dual nature—even the least able reader learns perforce some self-knowledge.

Perfection of style, power of analysing motive, and belief in the ideal—these, I should say, are the characteristics which distinguished Stevenson above all his contemporaries, and these were as marked in the man and his memorable talk, as in his books. Space would fail here to enumerate and criticise, even summarily, the score of volumes he published. Those written in collaboration with his wife and stepson are of unequal merit, going, not seldom, on all-fours (and on feet of clay at that); some others, of his sole writing, lack interest (notably the "Black Arrow" and his Samoan ballads); the quartz is at times barren of ore. But in the bulk of the shelf-ful he has left us, how rich and frequent are the veins of precious metal, how pure and weighty the ingots, how thick scattered and sparkling is the very dust of his gold!

J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF



RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

BY H. E. TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., CANON OF DURHAM.



VIEW OF ARIMA, JAPAN.

II.

OUR steamer was to remain a day at Kobe, so we took the opportunity of spending the time at Osaka, the Manchester of Japan, only twenty miles from Kobe (accessible by frequent trains on a very European-looking railway).

For some little distance we ran along the foot of the hills, amongst which nestles out of sight Arima, the favourite summer resort, with its mineral springs and waterfalls. We soon, however, left the hills and crossed a monotonous plain intersected by a rectangular network of dykes and ditches, reminding one very much of the country between Haarlem and Amsterdam, and with cultivation yielding nothing in neatness and cleanliness to the Dutch.

Most of the compartments were paddy—that is, rice—fields, in a few of which the green blades were appearing above the black mud. But a very large number of the fields were cropped with rape just now in full bloom, one mass of golden yellow, and patches of cotton just budding, giving the whole plain the appearance of a chequered carpet spangled with yellow and green.

An hour brought us to Osaka, of which more anon. But to the stranger who had just landed,

the ways of the folk, their clean houses, lavish use of flowers, chubby clean children, with either dolls or babies strapped to their back, pretty, bright women and girls, picturesque balconied houses, canals full of boats crossing the streets continually—all was novel and charming. But as I shall have occasion to write more of Osaka, and describe the missionary work, of which it is the centre, later on in these notes, I shall say no more at present.

We returned to Kobe, and re-embarked on board the magnificent Canadian-Pacific steamer *Empress of India*, Captain Marshall, R.N.R., and weighed anchor about midnight. Consequently we missed the coast scenery, and the next day, as it was blowing a gale of wind, we stood out to sea, and only had distant views of the mountain ranges. The following morning we landed at Yokohama. This, the place where many travellers first touch Japan, the first treaty port, and the port of Tokio the capital, owes its importance entirely to foreign trade.

It was merely a fishing village in 1854, but now a magnificent esplanade of splendid houses in the European style faces the sea, not at all Japanese in

their character. On both sides a straggling native town of mean wooden shanties extends along the shore; whilst behind, a bold eminence, known as the Bluff, within the limits of the foreign concession, is covered with handsome villas, gardens, and winding drives. For the stranger who wishes to see the Japan of the Japanese, Yokohama can have but few attractions; the miscellaneous crowd drawn to a great seaport being by no means improved by contact with foreigners, but too often imitating the vices they see, and losing their native simplicity. At the same time the emporiums on and near the esplanade contain by far the finest assortment of Japanese wares and curios, at the best prices, to be found in the empire.

Amongst much in the port that is distressing to a Christian Englishman to hear of and witness, I must not omit to mention a specially bright spot, the Sailors' Home, combined with the missions to seamen afloat, under the direction of the admirable chaplain, the Rev. W. T. Austin, and his indefatigable wife. Dormitories, dining-room, and recreation-room are all well furnished, whilst an attractive reading-room is more liberally supplied with papers, magazines, and light reading than one often finds out of England; many of the merchants and agents who are indifferent about evangelistic efforts being very willing to contribute to this branch of the work. It was pleasing to see how many American and English sailors appreciated the place. I had not an opportunity of seeing the work of the American missionaries in the native town, of which I heard good reports.

As an illustration of American enterprise, the first letter that was handed to me before I left the ship was one from a dealer in birdskins, who had seen my name in the passenger list, and, recognising me as a naturalist, sent a special invitation on board by his agent. I must confess he was rewarded for his pains.

In order to see the city we embarked in jinrikshas, the universal hansom cabs of Japan. They are, in fact, a light armchair with a hood, on a pair of bicycle wheels, with long shafts, and a coolie running between them. It was long before I could reconcile myself to the sensation of being dragged about by a brother man, but it is really the only mode of locomotion, except one's own legs, possible in this country outside the railways, and as a Japanese once said to me, "Why should you object to a man-drawn carriage" (literal translation of jinriksha), "when you have no objection to being pulled by a man in a boat?"

Towards evening we went by rail to Tokio. The railway system is much on the American plan, with the important exception that there are always three classes of carriages; but most are long and open down the centre, and well ventilated. The country through which we passed was rich and intensely cultivated. On one side the bay of Tokio studded with shipping, a rice-covered plain intervening. On the other a range of low hills with picturesque brown wooden cottages, frequent little temples and shrines marked by the Shinto gateway, one of the universal features of Japan; and orchards of fruit-trees. On one part of the plain

was an expanse of pear-trees, all trained on trellises like the vines of Italy, and in full bloom; the peach and cherry were everywhere in the glory of full blossom. In fact, it is chiefly for the blossom that these fruit-trees are cultivated. The plums are little better than sloes, the cherries very small, and the peaches poor. So little are the fruits appreciated that there are more double-blossoming than single-blossoming trees, and the blossom by cultivation has been developed to three times the size of the corresponding bloom at home—the cherry bloom often attaining the size of our wild rose, and the peach that of a double daisy. There was nothing grand on the route, but everything attractive, neat, clean, and sweet, perfectly in keeping with the bright little folk who cover the land. We found ourselves the only foreigners in the long American car, and whilst my daughter talked to some girls, a young Japanese came and sat by me, and tried to air his English, which was very scanty, and which at first I did not recognise, but which pleased him mightily. From the station we rode in jinrikshas through wide streets with the most picturesque-roofed, one-storeyed houses, and open shops decked in the gayest colours. All was wood, paint, and paper. It was really like living on a Japanese screen. Canals almost as numerous as streets; and by the side of all this old-world quaintness, tramways and buses, telegraph poles—one of which carried sixty-four wires as I counted them—and here and there the whistle of engines, and the chimneys of factories; now and then little boulevards with rows of peach-trees, one blaze of bloom.

Tokio—that is the east capital—was known as Yedo until 1868, when the Mikado took up his residence there instead of at Kioto or Saikio, the west capital. It is a vast place extending many miles, and having a population of one million three hundred and eighty-nine thousand souls, but very flat, the greater part of its area having been recovered from the sea within the last three centuries; the favourite quarter of Shiba on a low ridge being the Highgate and Hampstead of the place.

We were quartered for a few days at Tsukiji in the European concession, with a hospitable friend, the Rev. J. Williams, of the Church Missionary Society. Missionaries in Japan have a great advantage in that the people are not jealous of *Christian*, but rather of *foreign*, influences, and keenly appreciate the value of education. The educational system in Japan, whether elementary, secondary, or higher, is very complete and perfectly organised. The government subsidises it liberally, and Christians are perfectly untrammelled, while there are Christian professors in the University, and Christian masters in the schools. The Empress, who takes a lively interest in education, has established a college for ladies with handsome buildings, where the daughters of the nobility resort.

The strange juxtaposition of East and West, of indigenous and European civilisation, never ceases to impress one: all the women in native bright costume, many of the men in European dress more or less well fitting. But still the native costume

predominates in Tokio. Everyone carries his insignia embroidered on the back of his blouse or coat: *employés* have the name of the firm in huge hieroglyphics or Chinese characters covering the whole of their back; gentlemen always have their crest embroidered about the size of a dollar between their shoulders. The huge hieroglyphics on the backs of the labouring men are supposed to be the distortions of ancient Chinese characters, though even the learned are now unable to decipher them. The armorial bearings of the gentry are rigidly hereditary. The Japanese have a very ancient and highly systematised heraldry, quite distinct in its idea from our bearings and shields, and

once in what district or under what Daimio the article was manufactured.

The palace of the Emperor, with its widely extended parks and moats, occupies the site of the old castle and grounds of the Shoguns. The park is surrounded by a wide and deep moat, the enclosing walls of which are of enormous Cyclopean masonry. In places it is almost choked with lotus and several species of water lily, and crowded with wild duck, amongst which the beautiful mandarin duck is most conspicuous. Within the moat are the old magnificent walls, absolutely impregnable before the days of gunpowder. Passing over a drawbridge and through the gateway we enter the



ASAKUSA TEMPLE, TOKIO (BUDDHIST).

taken chiefly from leaves and flowers. Thus the ordinary Imperial crest, as emblazoned on all the Mikado's carriages, is the chrysanthemum; and another, the more official, crest is the blossom of the paulonia, consisting of three upright spikes of blossom, like that of the horse-chestnut, in a row, with three leaves hanging down below. The insignia of the latest Shogun dynasty was a trefoil taken from a large species of the herb Paris. The Shoguns, or mayors of the palace, were commonly known to Europeans before the opening of Japan as Tycoons, a corruption of the Chinese Tai Kwon, *i.e.* great general. These crests or badges are impressed on all the old porcelain and bronze, and indicate at

outer radius, laid out as a beautifully kept park. Within this are a second moat and encircling walls, quite as wide and massive as the outer circuit. Within these again are the private grounds, gardens, and palace of the Emperor. I should have mentioned that in the outer park, after crossing the first moat on the right, was the *débris* of an extensive range of wooden buildings which had lately been destroyed by fire, and which, with the usual promptness of Japan, crowds of workmen were busily employed in clearing away: already they had commenced their reconstruction. These ruins were those of the first Parliament-house of Japan, which, having closely imitated the English Constitution in its two

houses of Legislature, of which the upper is partly hereditary and partly nominated for life, further imitated us in the burning down of its first St. Stephen's, though after a much shorter experience. We can only trust that the carefully devised institutions of Japan may be more permanent than their first home.

Beyond the site of the Parliament-houses is a wide parade ground answering to our St. James's Park. On the other side of the park is a vast range of buildings, the offices of the various government departments, in which our own subdivisions of the Treasury, Home Office, Education, etc. etc., have been pretty closely followed. Here also is the government printing office, and the manufacturing of bank-note paper, which is a legal currency. Strangers are permitted to see the printing-office.

The palace itself was not open to visitors when we were there, as it was occupied by the Emperor. In its outline it follows the antique Japanese architecture, while a great part of it is internally furnished after the European fashion.

Just beyond the outer moat of the Imperial park is situated the British legation. I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the courtesy and kindness of our Minister, the late Mr. Frazer, whose recent death we have to deplore; through whose kind efforts we at once obtained special passports enabling us for six months to travel wherever we pleased, without being troubled by the police authorities, a favour which is very rarely granted, and which caused us to be the envy of many of our compatriots. I had letters to Count Ito, and recommendations from the Foreign Office as a scientific man much interested in educational work. These proved of great value in my rambles.

Our next day's sight-seeing was an expedition to Ueno, the Hyde Park or South Kensington of Tokio. Here have been held three national industrial exhibitions. Of course, as we had a journey of some miles across the city, we made the expedition in jinrikshas, or, as they are commonly called by the Japanese, kurumas. I now experienced for the first, but not the last, time the tantalising inconvenience of this Japanese mode of travelling. There were four of us in a line, quite unable to converse, while I, seeing every minute new and perplexing sights, with my daughter just in front of me, but quite unable to ask her a question, was obliged to be content with the contemplation of the back of her hat. The speed which our coolies keep up is really amazing. They maintain the rate of five miles an hour, and frequently a greater speed if the distance be short. On one occasion two men with one kuruma kept up this speed for four hours without a moment's halt. At length, as we approached Ueno, we came to a slight ascent, and were very glad to get out and walk, though one frequently finds that the men consider the attempt to walk up hill a slight upon their powers, and try to prevent one from alighting. Entering the park, we visited the Technical Museum, that of Natural History, and that of Japanese Antiquities.

The Natural History Museum is only in its infancy, and the industrial department gives a very

good illustration of the various manufactures, textile, metal, porcelain and lacquer, of the country. But the national antiquities are such as can be seen and studied nowhere else. They begin by the stone arrow-heads, spear-heads, celts, and pottery of the prehistoric period, differing very slightly from our own. Some of the rude pierced ornaments and beads are still in use in the Loochoo Islands, and of exactly the same shape, thus giving us one of the very few indications we possess as to the origin of the early inhabitants of Japan. Next follow, as in Western Europe, the mirrors, utensils, and weapons of the bronze period, with pottery of a less rude character. Then follow a large collection of various articles, and of pottery figures of men, horses, and birds, which were found in great quantities inside the funereal mound of one of the earlier emperors. The next hall is devoted to antiquities of the historic period, the earliest certain date being A.D. 708, from which period downwards there is a fine collection of coins; the ancient coins were not circular but oblong, some of the gold ones very large, and covered with hieroglyphics, but no busts. The other antiquities are chiefly of Buddhist origin; but one of the most interesting collections is that of the Christian relics, especially those brought by the embassy sent to Rome by the Prince of Sendai, A.D. 1614.

There is an amusing difference in the Japanese and Roman versions of this embassy. The European writers state that the envoy went on the part of the Shogun to recognise the supremacy of the Pope, who in return presented him with the freedom of the city of Rome and loaded him with presents. The Japanese, on the contrary, state that the Shogun sent the envoy in order to report upon the political power and military strength of the European nations. Amongst the relics is a Latin deed conferring on Hashikura the freedom of the city of Rome, a picture of him in prayer before the crucifix in his European costume, and copies of the Prince's letters to the Pope in Japanese and Latin. By the side of these are shown the trampling boards—i.e. large metal slabs with figures of the Virgin and Child, and of the different incidents of the Passion—on which suspected Christians were compelled to trample in order to testify their abjuration of Christianity. This collection must be one of the most touching interest to every Christian.

In other halls are exhibited the quaint furniture and trappings used by the Mikado and Shogun and their courts up to the time of the present generation. The most curious are an ancient bullock carriage and palanquins, most richly carved and gilded, as well as the state barge used by the Shoguns. These bullock carriages bear the same relation to the kuruma of to-day that the state coach of Queen Elizabeth does to a modern landau. There was also the throne of the ancient Mikados, with the rich silk hangings that used to conceal him from the gaze of his subjects, who were only allowed to see his feet. Some of the state carriages are three hundred years old, and the lacquer work and porcelain jars are of untold value. There is, besides, a fine collection of old Japanese armour and swords.

We went next to the Zoological Gardens, which are only in their infancy. Two sheep in a cage between some small bears on the one side and leopards on the other were evidently the most popular curiosity. They were taken for lions, and when they bleated some of the children exclaimed "Lions roaring!"

We then went on to a very fine Shinto temple, the arrangement consisting of various separate buildings. Facing the shrine of the central temple was a large hall, quite open in front; in fact, the stage of a theatre, with roof and walls of wood most gorgeously carved, gilded, and painted.

paper suspended from inscribed tablets on either side. In front of it a lavish display of lights burning; a number of priests in green vestments with strange instruments, all sitting on the elevated platform and producing weird music; below this dais the people kneeling in prayer, frequently clapping their hands; while the whole sacrarium was covered with small coins, called rin, the value of each being the twentieth of a penny, which the people threw, aiming them at a large box placed in the middle of the sanctuary. This we found was a great function—the anniversary of the death of one of the Shoguns.



TEMPLE SHIDA, TOKIO (BUDDHIST).

Burial place of many of the Shoguns. The ornamentation on either side of the inner door is of tortoise-shell.

A play was being performed. All the actors were men dressed in antique costume; all wore masks, some of them grotesque, and there was much pantomime and recitation. The theatricals seemed to resemble what I had seen in Chinese temples, and, evidently connected more or less directly with the worship, reminded me of what one reads of the miracle plays of the Middle Ages.

We turned round—the temple shrine was just in front of us, much like another stage, almost the counterpart of the theatre.

Within the shrine was only a large circular disc or mirror of burnished metal, with long strips of white

The Shinto worship is utterly different from the Taoism of China, and has none of its gross idolatry. In some respects it is analogous to the old Persian fire worship, the mirror representing the sun, who himself is the representative of the invisible Deity, while the Mikado is the human representative of the sun, and therefore, in some degree, a partaker of the divine nature. Nor is this all the meaning of the mirror, the great feature of Shinto worship. In it man is supposed to see his own heart mirrored, and, comparing it with the purity of the white paper by its side, to see wherein he fails, and correct it. A Japanese

was supposed to be superior to any moral code ; one glance at his heart was sufficient, and he would certainly reform himself.

Close by are the tombs of the Shoguns, with two mortuary temples. The carving and gilding of these temples is lavishly rich in barbaric splendour. The whole structure is exclusively of wood, the ground colour of everything being painted red, upon which the most skilful native art has been lavishly employed both in painting and sculpture. Their openwork carving of birds and flowers, the symbolic chrysanthemum predominating, is mingled with the richest arabesques; the columns are wreathed with plum-blossoms in red and gold, the beams with lions' heads also in red and gold. Within the shrines are memorial tablets, sumptuous specimens of the most costly gold lacquer, commemorating the dead. Another temple contains the shrines of the mothers of eight Shoguns. Amongst the fantastic animals which decorate the panels of these buildings I was surprised to notice both the unicorn and the phoenix, probably suggested in the sixteenth century by the intercourse of Japan with Western Europe. An even finer temple than these formerly existed on the site of the museum, but was burnt down five-and-twenty years ago during a battle fought in this park between the troops of the Mikado and those of the last Shogun.

Passing from the temples, we walked under a gorgeous avenue of cherry-trees, just now in full blossom and at this time the great attraction of Tokio. It is difficult to describe the exquisite beauty of the pink cherry-blossom. It is like nothing else, and has been called "uniquely beautiful." One looks up and the air seems filled with pink clouds. The natives, with their instinctive eye for beauty, are never tired of these promenades. On one occasion, when we were making an excursion, our kuruma men begged to be allowed to take us round by the cherry avenue. When we replied that it would be more than a mile out of our way, the men said they would charge us nothing more if we would only go, for the beauty of the place would abundantly reward them. I have not met with a London cabman with such an appreciation of the beauty of our parks in spring. One of the striking features of the Uyeno temples are the colossal bronze standard lanterns, some of them eight or ten feet high, which are placed singly or in rows leading up to the temple. Immense stone lanterns of the same model often occur in various temple grounds. It is difficult to estimate the enormous value of the metal of the solid bronze masses. They are the gift of various great Daimios or other rich men to the memory of the Shoguns, and each lantern has the name of the donor inscribed upon it.

After these reminiscences of the Japan of the past, I spent two days in visiting the University of Tokio, the embryo Japan of the future. The Imperial University is intended for the whole country, and is the only university in the empire. All students must have previously passed through one

of the three great colleges, which are supported by the government, and of which there is one in the island of Kiushiu and two in Hondo. There are more than 1,300 students at the University. I met a number of professors, most of them native gentlemen, graduates of Cambridge, Leipsic, and Harvard, amongst them a wrangler and two English professors, both Fellows of the Royal Society. I had an introduction to Dr. Ijima, the head of the zoological department, where there is really a fine national collection, and the nucleus of a good general museum. I was invited to dine in the common-room with the professors, who all spoke English fluently. The dinner, however, was not purely Japanese, for knives and forks and European as well as native dishes were generally patronised. The students do not reside in college, nor is there any collegiate discipline. They appeared generally to wear a dress modified from our cap and gown.

I was much interested with the botanic gardens, and learned a good deal from the curator, as well as from the gardeners, who happened to be employed by my host, of the Japanese arts of dwarfing, transplanting, and distorting trees and shrubs. They successfully transplant forest trees at any age. They have dwarf pines, cryptomerias, maples, and oranges, living and healthy, only a few inches high, with leaves, blossom, fruit, all equally liliputian, in perfect proportion. They are extremely fond of the grotesque and artificial. How the double blossoms and the spotted foliage plants, of which they are so fond, are produced, I was not able to ascertain. Most effective are the trees, maples and others, in which the foliage of each branch is of a different colour. Thus I have seen a well-grown maple-tree with seven large limbs, each having foliage of a different hue, varying from dark copper to pink and greenish-white—this, of course, by grafting. The trees that are intended to be dwarfed are placed in pots alongside of a wire frame ; it may be two or three feet in height, or perhaps only a few inches. This frame represents the exact number, shape, and size of the branches the tree is to be allowed to have ; and every branch is bound to the wire or else cut off. The roots are carefully pruned and confined, and the young foliage is unceasingly nipped off. The transplanting of full-grown trees was very simple. The roots were simply laid bare, taking especial care to preserve the most delicate fibres, and, as soon as the earth has been cleared away by the fingers or sticks, not with spades, lest they should be bruised, each bunch of rootlets is confined in a little cotton bag. I have seen a tree moved in this way which required twenty men to move it with rollers. When the tree is placed in its new position, the bags are unloosed one by one, and fine, pulverised soil carefully sprinkled between the fibres, no rootlet being allowed to touch another. They attach great importance to the work of transplanting, which is always begun in the evening, being completed before the heat of the next day. However, Japanese gardening is an art which it evidently requires years to master, and which would well repay the student of plant life.

THE WIT OF COMMON SPEECH.

THE following paper—this is its claim to indulgence, and it is put forward at once—is based on original material collected among friends, ordinary persons, not the historical wits. Now it is very certain that the ordinary person does not often say witty things. No one, moreover, invents witty things for him to have said, this being—if the critics are not all in the wrong—what has happened pretty frequently in the case of persons who were not ordinary. Sometimes, however, one or other in the crowd of the unfamed says or writes something which comes upon one with that surprise that wit creates. Of such things this paper is mainly compounded.

"Put wings to common sense, and you get wit," so said a woman once in my presence. We have all read definitions of wit—the number of them is legion—but here was one that sprang from the tongue in talk. The following on jests is from a letter:

"Jests are the *bric-à-brac* of conversation, and make it pretty."

A deeper note is struck in the passage given next, which assigns to the wit that honourable place among the world's teachers which some of us hold to be due to him.

"Most things have a right side and a wrong side. The wit for some reason usually shows up the wrong side of a thing. It is not that he does not see the right side, the truth being that he usually sees it better than the wrong one, in this respect like the man who helps his brother into his coat. Such a man holds up the wrong side of the coat, but he himself sees the right one, and, what is more, he means in the end to leave the right one out for all the world to see."

That wisdom flowed from the mouth of an earnest teacher.

Here is a specimen of what may be termed salt wit. The subject under discussion was an obtrusive person.

"He who forces himself upon me" (so said the person obtruded upon) "has become a bore to himself. Now I think it very odd that one who has become a bore to himself should think he could be other than a bore to me."

The subjoined crisp dialogue has something of wit in its brevity.

She: "Why are all those receipts lying about?"

He: "Bills, you mean."

Of a similar kind is the following duologue which took place at a pianoforte recital given at St. James's Hall in London two years ago. The speakers were a lady and a gentleman.

She said: "I wonder what he thinks of when he is playing."

He said: "I can tell you. Pound notes."

There was wit of a kind in that, but it was wit with a sharp edge, and it smote the musician in two places.

The following gentle utterance of a German is placed here as drawing attention to a piece of keen wit wrapped up in a German noun. "We"—the speaker was a Prussian lady forming one of a small afternoon party at which the oft-discussed servant question was momentarily under consideration—"suffer as do you. We vent our anger in a piece of sarcasm, and call our servants 'the served.'"¹

The wit which sets the table in a roar in any happy home is of a quality which is often not fully appreciated by the impartial outsider. Its case is that of the baby; it has the family lineaments, is like its father or its mother, this making it loved and lovely within its little orbit, but not investing it with interest to those beyond that circle.

One of the strangest of spectacles of which I have remembrance is the face of a young Englishman present at a family gathering of Hibernians. These persons uttered facetiae at a rate which brought a look of positive dismay to the face of the Englishman, who every now and then gasped the question, "Is it—another pun?" To the honour and praise of England be it added that, upon being told that it *was* another pun, the Saxon, without any pedantic prying into the nature and value of this article (when puns are made at high speed, they naturally lose a little in quality), laughed good-humouredly with the children of green Erin.

Mrs. Caudle used to wake up her husband to upbraid him in the stilly night. The thing has been set down in print for everyone to read. I have been told of a man who woke up his wife in the small hours to tell her his jokes. It seems to me only right that this thing should be set down in print for everyone to read.

There is a picture to which no painter has yet done justice. It represents the man who does not see the other man's joke, and who is weakly pretending that he does, this leading him to make what Bulwer has called a writhing attempt to smile. There lives no one who has not seen this man, and scarcely anyone who has not been in his predicament, for the pleasing reason that humanity taken as a whole is amiable rather than the reverse. So it results that, howbeit there are great and little bears in human shape, the commonest sort of man is one who, on being told by his neighbour what that person conceives to be a new, original, and heart-rejoicingly witty story, tries to conjure forth a smile. Yet it is difficult to do this in cases when—and such cases are common—the expectation has been worked up to a high pitch, and the climax of the story is so feeble that the marvel is how it can stand at the story's close.

¹ "Die Bedienten."

A word here on a certain species of humourist. There is a type of young man—his name is often Jack—whose conception of wit is the least exalted thing about him. The following illustrates his case. A musician read lately from a birthday book a passage from Pope's Ode to St. Cecilia, and was pulled up short at the words—

"Stern Proserpine relented
And gave him back the fair."

"How much was it?" asked the man named Jack.

One forgives many things to a musician, and this man, who is a musician, was forgiven because he is consummate master of his instrument, and coaxes from it sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.

The love of riddles is usually synchronous with the love of stamps, increasing steadily up to the fifteenth year, and then as steadily waning. The three riddles given here are selected from a number lying by me, none of which have seen print.

What sort of an education is Prince Edward of York likely to receive?—A *Tech*-nical.

In what is it impossible to combine wit with brevity?—In a telegram. Word it as you will, it is bound to be wire-drawn.

What does a chicken say as it struggles into life?—A hard case!

That wit which is the milk of human kindness condensed is of course the sweetest, but it is not the commonest. The wit with which most of us are acquainted has a sharp savour of vinegar. This is a main reason why it repels some palates. The case of critics is one in point. The language of criticism is often witty; in fact, much criticism is an exercise in wit, this being the chief cause why authors, as a rule, do not relish criticism, their case being that of the little boy who did not laugh at the little boy whom the others laughed at. Beneath are given some criticisms which represent public opinion as it is now and again privately expressed.

"There may be so much light cast on a thing, you know, that you can't see it. All the stars all day long are a testimony of this. The sun casts so much light on them that you can't see them."

This observation was made in a London drawing-room by the man who stands with his back to the fire, and commands the attention of the room. It was made in reference to a Tennyson commentator. In all the reviews of this man's work printed in organs expressly destined to give public expression to what is often merely, unfortunately, private opinion there was nothing said so well in so few words as these employed by the man who stood with his back to the fire.

Here some words from a woman's letter on a poem which was once of extraordinary popularity: "I have read 'The Raven' again after years, and it seems to me, still, one of the best things written in black upon white. Understand me fully: *in black upon white*."

A biography which is still in circulation at the

libraries was thus summed up some years ago by a reader of it:

"It is just the usual thing, alack—the life of a poet which tells how the butterfly was a grub."

A satirist of the famous was thus described last week at a dinner-table by a satirist of the unfamed: "His idea seems to be to hold the mirror up to—ill-nature."

Sometimes wit lurks in a metaphor. The following is the dictum of one on a modern work of philosophy which has made some stir. It is taken from a letter the postmark of which points to an obscure corner of Britain:

"The author seems to me to walk round his subject in rather a frightened way."

Some little time ago an attempt was made in London to revive the interest in Thomas Moore. At a capital lecture given on the subject of this poet, an Irishman of those who did not "rise" to speak said, with a head-shake, to his neighbour:

"The truth remains that Moore's conception of poetry was sugar-refining. It's not a high conception of poetry, and, if I were not an Irishman, I should get up and tell that man to let Moore lie."

The following, of Browning, gave deep offence during a perusal *in camera* of that poet in days when he was scarcely read except *in camera*. The speaker was of those unwise who think aloud.

"His frequent startling interpolations have to me the effect of the triangle in orchestral music. Children like it used unsparingly—I used to listen for it as a child—but the time comes when one feels that there can be too much of it. Don't you think so?"

This question met with no answer, and the questioner felt that the thing had been said which would have been better left unsaid.

Here is the estimate of a pianist newly come among us—one estimate among the many unpublished which passed to and fro, and made his name and fame so quickly that one pressman took fright and cried out "*Hold!*"

"He is a marvellous performer" (a woman wrote to a woman), "who seems to me more than most to make good the wonderful and beautiful name of his instrument. 'Pianist' does not name him; he is a *pianofortist*."

One noticed in that the word *pianofortist*.

Wit finds new names for men and things.

Quiet is a great charm in wit; in fact, some of us are of opinion that it constitutes wit of a kind. It is the quiet of the following, together with the aptness of the story quoted, that lifts the matter from the ordinary.

"We very painstaking people" (a very painstaking person spoke with a smile in which there lurked some pain) "are, I have noticed—this is our grave fault—generally somewhat cruel. There is a story told of a Greek who pulled out a horse's tail by plucking one hair at a time. It was very painstaking of him, but it was shockingly cruel."

Not only is wit often very quiet, but it is often very solemn. Horace Walpole years ago wrote of "solemn Scotchery." We all of us know what that is, and some of us know how much wit there is often wrapped up in it. I once had to pull up

a solemn Scot for levity. This solemn Scot described Wordsworth as "baa-lamby." Nobody will deny that there are poems by Wordsworth which deserve this epithet, but to describe the poet *in toto* as "baa-lamby" is to be merry rather than wise, as most solemn folk, Scotch or other, will allow.

That the Scotch are richer in humour than in wit nobody needs to be told. To one who knows that humour is but another name for moisture, and whose heart has been refreshed by the kindly humour of Scotch writers, the thought lies near that here is a form of mercy very like that of which it has been said "it droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath"; for if humour be not indeed the quality of mercy itself, it is most certain that mercy enters largely into it. Hence it is that while, surely, of many of the world's greatest wits (Voltaire will come to the mind of everyone) it might be said that they saw only evil continually, he is not humourist at all who does not, primarily, see good.

But what about the Scotchman and jokes? An Irishman of my acquaintance sums up the matter thus:

"Any man can crack a joke except a Scotchman; but he can perpetrate one, and no man but a Scotchman can perpetrate a joke."

"What does he do," I ask this Irishman, "who perpetrates a joke?"

"Go to Scotland," is his answer, "and you will see."

As if one had always seven-league boots at hand!

He who has a ready answer is, three parts of him, a wit. The following repartees struck me as good. The man said (he spoke to a lady at a garden-party), "I challenge you to prove that any part of man's dress serves the purpose of ornament only."

The woman retorted, "What about those two buttons at the back of every man's coat?"

The man was quelled.

In the other case it was the woman who was quelled. She had said, quoting a line worn pretty smooth by quotation, "Distance lends enchantment to the view." "Not always," the man replied. "Snow looks black in the high air, but white lower down."

The following story, which I have from a Frenchwoman who stood by, bears translation. A Frenchman of reputed wit was the subject of a conversation between two ladies, one of them, unknown to the other, the man's wife. "I have heard," said the stranger-woman, repeating an absurd rumour, "that he has curiously bright eyes that shine in the dark. I should be afraid to meet him. Beasts of prey have such eyes."

"So have stars," said the man's wife.—Such a wife was worth the winning.

There is a type of story that is not witty in itself excepting in so far as it appeals to the witty, wherefore some wit—or perhaps it is, rather, drollery—must be concealed in it. Such a story is the following, for the truth of which I can vouch.

Some ladies of studious habits in London habitually call their cats after Shakespearian characters. That cats in London vanish, like pins, everyone knows. A series of Shakespearian characters had disappeared in the course of the years that passed over these gentlewomen and their pets, and the departure of each cat was duly mourned—with one exception. The disappearance of one cat being announced to its owner in the words, "Please'm, 'amlet's took 'is 'ook," peals of laughter were evoked, in which laughter Hamlet's owner joined.

Similarly a little child dispelled a woman's sadness in a London hospital some years ago by her unintentionally quaint answers to the usual questions. The dialogue took this turn:

"What have you had, dear?"

"The pleurisy, ma'am."

"And what has this little girl had?"

"She's had kike [cake], ma'am."

The eavesdropper hears much that—be it wit or what it will—brings the smile that wit brings.

The following, from the lips of a witty-faced lady, somewhat jarred upon my ears as forming part of a steady recitative accompanying a fine performance on the pianoforte of a world-famed composition. The person alluded to by this lady was a dentist, whom she described as "a real brick for not giving you pain," adding, "He's a horrible little snob, but that doesn't matter when he gets into your mouth."

The very forceful idiom employed in the close of this speech made it to me an unforgettable thing.

A word here on flippancy. The following piece of jocular, penned by one whose life is marked by a high seriousness, filled me with surprise until I came to the remorseful close:

"According to the optimists, as you will know, every vice has its root in a virtue, while, according to the pessimists, every virtue has its root in a vice. Either theory could be plausibly demonstrated. I am working out the optimistic one to my own satisfaction, and think of holding by it. It pleases me to reflect that my meanness has its root in moderation, and that my snobbishness has its root in reverence. No, it doesn't; you are not to think it does."

Banter is perhaps as common a form of wit as any. It is the wit which is meant to be taken with a grain of salt. Here is a sample from the letter of an art lover:

"There is no one so beautiful, pray believe me, but that ugliness creeps in somewhere, and no one so ugly but he has one beauty. *It is as strong a belief with me as any that I have*¹ that Helen of Troy had one deformed toe, and that Thersites had a beautiful back to his head. I am not surprised that their biographers are silent on the subject, for these are points that would naturally get overlooked in the case of a beautiful woman and a plain man."

An old lady smiled behind what follows:

"It terrifies me to think of the things that go on within me. I have just read that a nervous impulse travels along a nerve in me at the rate of

¹ The italics are mine.

about thirty-four yards per second. The notion of having thirty-four yards of nerve stowed away in one is alarming enough, but still more startling is it to learn that it is laid down like railroads for the passage to and fro of trains going at this terrific speed."

The speech of this aged epigrammatist, according to all who knew her best, came very near to meeting the requisites of epigram as once laid down by herself in an epigrammatic vein. An epigram, she asserted, should be pretty, witty, and gritty. Unfortunately, most epigrams are chiefly gritty. It is not that the epigrammatist always feels the contempt which he expresses. "Europe is a molehill," said Napoleon, but he never thought it. "Dead stock!" so I heard a man once say contemptuously of Greek and Latin. He thought it witty to say this, and less witty things have been said, yet all the heart of pride in him shone out of his eyes whenever his son was named, because his son could read the New Testament in the language of the original, that Greek which he had dubbed "dead stock."

There is a very general idea that a cynic is a man with anger at his heart, a flaming sword that turns every way, while in simple fact most cynicism is the outcome of a desire to seem witty. A person who knows that goodness is the apotheosis of wisdom defined it once over the teacups as the apotheosis of stupidity. She desired to appear smart, and to some she appeared so.

The wit that is contained in metaphor has been already touched on here. Sometimes the metaphor is one concerning which opinions differ. A good man of religion of my friends, a person often singularly felicitous in speech, once excited a somewhat marked difference of opinion by speaking of a flower as "a little God-made vase painted without and within." Here was a fancy worthy of that poet¹ who gave to his hymns such names as "The Posie" and the "Quidditie"—hymns filled, it is allowed, "with solemn, saintly music."

By its quaintness nearly allied to wit seems to me this speech which was made by an Irishwoman one summer's day in South Germany, as she stood in a field blue with forgetmenots: "It is as if the skies had come down to dwell among men."

Sometimes the language of nurses takes the pretty turn that belongs to wit. A nurse said this to one who has never forgotten it (she and the child sat in a window-niche at night, the child in pain and the fear that pain brings with it): "There is to be no dark to-night, deary. All the stars are being lighted."

"Being lighted"—there was the touch to quiet the child. Wit only uses words so warily.

A woman whose wit is often beautiful surpassed herself in the exquisite answer which she gave to one who spoke to her of a mother who had lost her infant son and wore a calm forehead. The words which passed between these women were as follows:

"She looks like an angel."

"She is the mother of an angel."

¹ George Herbert.

The learned are sometimes, as has been often observed, strangely lacking in wit, but, while it remains a truth that wit means knowledge—as short a definition of wit as might be given is *extract of knowledge*—it also remains undeniable that he who knows nothing can never be witty. The person who said what follows may not have known what the sun was made of, but he knew what the sun was not made of. He addressed his remark—made in a tone of the driest—to a person of the too impressionable.

"Some things take fire easily, but it isn't a fire that lasts. If the sun were made of touchwood it would have made a grand blaze once, but it wouldn't be burning now."

The much-discussed question as to the difference between love and friendship was once in my hearing thus dismissed by the Dogmatic Person who belongs to every circle:

"The main difference is that love is a hot spring and friendship is a cool spring. There's something to be said for both, but, taking life all round, cool springs are more useful."

One would not like the Dogmatic Person to know that almost everyone in the room approved of that dictum.

A dash of wit lights up a conversation just as a dash of red lights up a picture, and no topic is so dull but the dash of red that wit gives will brighten it. The weather might seem to some to be one of the subjects which even the happy-thoughted could not enliven. Here are extracts made from letters. The following, from Geneva, bore date August 13, 1893:

"It is again one of those days when the pressure of the atmosphere is so great that you feel yourself doubling and folding up like a mountain—only a mountain, I suppose, doesn't feel it. The Alps have cool compresses on their heads, and look quite cool down to their feet."²

There is a smile between those lines; but here are some which were written in high indignation. The writer of them was travelling about Italy.

"The weather still spoils everything. Now for a whole fortnight we have had hysterical April days that begin with sulks, then break into sobs, and don't know their own minds for one minute between dawn and dark. Even my serene temper is ruffled hereby, because it isn't April and we're in Italy."

The following is from a letter which came one March day many years ago from Edinburgh:

"You have no conception what the wind is like here. I stop and listen to it every now and again as I write this to you. It is not roaring; it is simply yelping outside the house, like a dog."

Politics are an inexhaustible source of wit. Some good things are said within St. Stephen's, and some good things are said outside it. Within the last few years a Primrose Dame received a lesson in botany from a Shamrock Dame, while both of them stood outside St. Stephen's.

"Ah, then," said the Shamrock Dame, the

² I am acquainted—so was the writer of this letter—with a lady who, during a residence covering many years in the south of Europe, habitually in summer wore upon her head a handkerchief dipped in cold water, averring that it kept her cool. Had she taken this wrinkle from the mountains?

words being put to laughter of Ireland's own music, "don't y' know that blossom and leaves of the prinrose are—Radical?"

In the following a new system of polyarchy is advocated by one who is a curious combination of visionary and wag. "I think," writes this person, "the system of existing hereditary kingship not wholly satisfactory, for this reason, that the crown thus conferred must once and again come to belong to a man who is not a king except in the quite conventional sense of the word; and if a man is not a king in the word's best sense there is manifestly no reason why other men should bow to him. A man is now and again pointed out as a king who is on the face of him a particularly poor creature. No one points out a plain and insists that it is a mountain. It is written in books that land must rise to a thousand feet before it becomes imperative to regard it as a mountain. That seems very sensible, and surely a similar plan might with advantage be followed in regard to kings. It might be set down in some book once for all that when men have risen to a thousand feet in ideal space it becomes imperative to regard them as kings. There would probably never be found in any country more than one such man living at any time; but supposing seven such were found, a heptarchy composed of such would not be amiss. I am a Radical as matters stand, but I will walk backwards before seven such majesties."

The wit of preachers would fill books. Fuller in olden times, and others in newer, have shown how good is sunny wit. This paper does not deal with the wit of persons of fame, preachers, or others. A man of those who preach at street-corners some months ago, said this, addressing supposititious atheists:

"You may blow out a candle, but you can't blow out a star, and you'll never blow out the Light of the World."

The gradation was very striking, and the man's wit was no less evident than his earnestness. It was a strong feeling with some of us who listened to him, that this plain rhetoric of his served his purpose better than a book on theology would have served it.

That the wit is usually a stickler for correct phraseology is known. "Most people," said, years ago, a wit who is at my elbow as I write this, "call their Britannia metal silver, and their shirting linen. It is not very witty, and it is very untruthful."

Foreigners sometimes wittily take us to task. A Swedish lady asked some years ago, in a London drawing-room, "Have I said anything witty?" The reason was that she had described a friend as 'a fair lady in a fair bonnet' and the British sense of the comical was so tickled that she found all present laughing at her. She had not said anything witty until she asked that question, in which she very wittily made plain to the laughing Britons what alone in her country would justify the loud expression of mirth.

When wit is very elaborate it is allowable to doubt its originality. The most elaborate piece of wit which it was ever my lot to hear, was a definition of a genius supplemented by a definition of a poem. It ran as follows:

"A genius is formed as a volcano is formed, by an accumulation of igneous materials; and a poem is an eruption."

Nobody spoke for a while; then the man's brother said:

"Is that yours?"

The man said it was his.

Here some words of a wit on truth that seemed to me worth noting:

"What is called a half-truth is always a half-lie. If it were called a half-lie, there is scarcely a man worthy man's name who would take it between his lips. In that way more truth would be spoken."

A certain lightness of diction passes with most for wit. The letters of women are full of this pseudo-wit (it makes them often capital reading), which is found more seldom in the letters of men.

Certain forms of wit once common are now, it would seem, losing their vogue in high quarters. It is no longer considered witty to speak of a major and his wife as the major and the minor, and a man who recently proposed that the name of Hampshire should be turned into Dampshire was considered to have made a joke of the pointless description. Yet another thing. The use of violent expletives is no longer considered a good substitute for wit. I like to think that Scott worked this reaction. He must have known what it was to swear like a trooper, and yet he turned the swearing of a—German—trooper (*vide* his translation of *Götz von Berlichingen*) into "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Almost all slang is mummified wit. The comical word had once life in it, but it was the life of a day or so. To embalm such a word when all the breath and the laughter have gone out of it, and carry this mummy about with one, seems to me horrid. The croakers are, however, surely wrong when they say that this thing was never done before as much as it is done now, just as they are wrong when they say that we have seen the last of the day of courtly speeches—those speeches in which wit footed it fealty with politeness. In this winter of 1894 a young Welsh girl handing a chrysanthemum to a matron greatly loved and honoured by her, said, as the full-blown flower dropped to pieces in her hand,

"Even the flowers fall at your feet."

Wit of no kind will die out in British lands as long as Celts there mix with Saxons. The Celt has wit that will out, somehow. If it cannot express itself in words it will express itself in pictures, and if it cannot express itself in pictures it will express itself in music. Cruikshank, the Scot, is witty with his pencil, and, going in search of another man with a pencil, meets a brother-wit in Kenny Meadows, the Welshman. The most notable Irishman living—the Sullivan of all Sullivans—puts his wit into music.

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

MYSORE, AND THE LATE MAHARAJAH.¹

BY GENERAL SIR GEORGE WOLSELEY, K.C.B.

SHORTLY before I left India, the Maharajah of Mysore asked me to come and spend a week with him during the Dussurah Festivities, which take place there annually, and I very gladly accepted the invitation. For while at any time a visit to the capital of that ancient and historic region would be an artistic treat, just at present, in the general and increasing interest now taken in all matters pertaining to India and Indian affairs, it seemed to offer special inducements to me.

In order to give some idea of the territory over which the Maharajah rules, I must mention that it



THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, G.C.S.I.

covers a portion of Southern India almost as large as the whole of England, and that owing to its geographical position it possesses the twofold advantage of a temperate climate and fine scenery. The country, which is an elevated tableland, is situated

in the angle where the Eastern and Western Ghât ranges converge into the group of the beautiful Nilgiris. It is longitudinally intersected by single or aggregated chains of high hills, running chiefly north and south; and it is enclosed on the west, south, and east by lofty mountains also. Thus, though there are no natural lakes in Mysore, and the rivers for the most part are not of broad and stately flow, the contour of the country lends itself easily to fine effects, and being on an elevated plateau within the tropics, the tree vegetation is simply magnificent. There are both evergreen and deciduous forests. And while many of the hills are heavily timbered almost to their very summits, the delightful valleys and ravines lying beneath them are clothed with groves of palm, teak, sandal, and many other trees and flowering shrubs, whose bright blossoms display such a variety of glowing tints and hues that the colouring there seems really like a fresh inspiration of nature. But the most remarkable feature of Mysorean scenery is the number of "droogs" (from the Sanscrit word *durg*, meaning an inaccessible place) and isolated masses of naked rocks with which the face of the country is strewn. The droogs are colossal monoliths, which, though rising to the height of between three and four thousand feet, are generally crowned with ruins of fortifications—the strongholds of robber chieftains in days of old—whose position at that altitude must have rendered them all but impregnable. But the rocky masses are still more strange, for they are composed of enormous boulders, large fragments of which are so delicately poised upon some projecting point (like logging stones) that they appear as if a touch would overturn them; and yet they not infrequently support a shrine or *mandapa*! These things give a very distinctive character to the region, as may be supposed. But they do more than that; for while the huge droogs loom before you in lonely, awful grandeur, like grim sentinels who had been petrified at their posts, the nice balance of the shrines and logging stones—as I may call them—infuses an element of the grotesque into the scene, which awakens curiosity and persistently suggests the idea that art and nature have both combined to render this strange region a veritable wonderland.

Another remarkable fact about Mysore is that, notwithstanding the high point of civilisation to which it has attained, there are wild hill tribes living in the woods around it (notably the Karubas), who occupy so humble a place in the scale of humanity that their elevation above the lower animals is scarcely more than technical as a fact, and rather doubtful as an advantage. For they

¹ We regret to state that whilst this paper was passing through the press, tidings of the Maharajah's death reached England.

have no habitations except rude sheds formed by the interlaced branches of trees, and they actually live on leaves and succulent roots which they find in the ground. They are also excessively shy and timid, and seem to fear contact with the civilised races about them, whom they do not appear to regard as "men and brothers." And yet it is said that these strange wild creatures have some good traits of character, and possess a sort of intuitive knowledge of agriculture which is almost like an instinct.

The city of Mysore, which in 1799 was destroyed by Tippoo Sultan and restored by the English, is now a large, handsome town, full of life and activity; and, judging from its conformation and general aspect, I should say it must always have contrasted favourably with its neighbour—Serīngapatam. The streets are regular and the white houses—many of them being three storeys high—are interspersed with trees and temples which have a very picturesque effect. The town lies at the foot of the Chamundi Hill, on which there is a temple sacred to Kali the wife of Siva, who is the tutelary divinity of the Rajahs, and of rural India generally. This lady has some terrible attributes and certain tastes which could not be called good, notably a thirst for human blood. But it is needless to say that in these enlightened days she is no longer propitiated by human sacrifices as she used to be in former times. The Fort stands in the south end of the town, forming a quarter by itself and containing the Maharajah's palace.

The palace is very solid and imposing, and although built in the most elaborate style of Hindoo architecture, it looks heavy rather than light or bright.¹ However, that portion of the moat which formerly lay beneath it has now been filled in and transformed into a pleasure garden, which, with its grass and trees and graceful flowering shrubs, is a great adornment to the scene. The interior of the palace could best be described by the words glowing and gorgeous. The drawing-room, which has curtains and carpets of French manufacture, is so full of mirrors and toys and nicknacks of every sort and kind, that it is more like a cabinet of curiosities than a reception-room. And though some of the apartments are furnished in English style, and consequently have a familiar aspect, others contain many curious and beautiful specimens of Oriental work in the shape of carved ivory, and silver doors, and thrones, and other things which are extremely interesting.

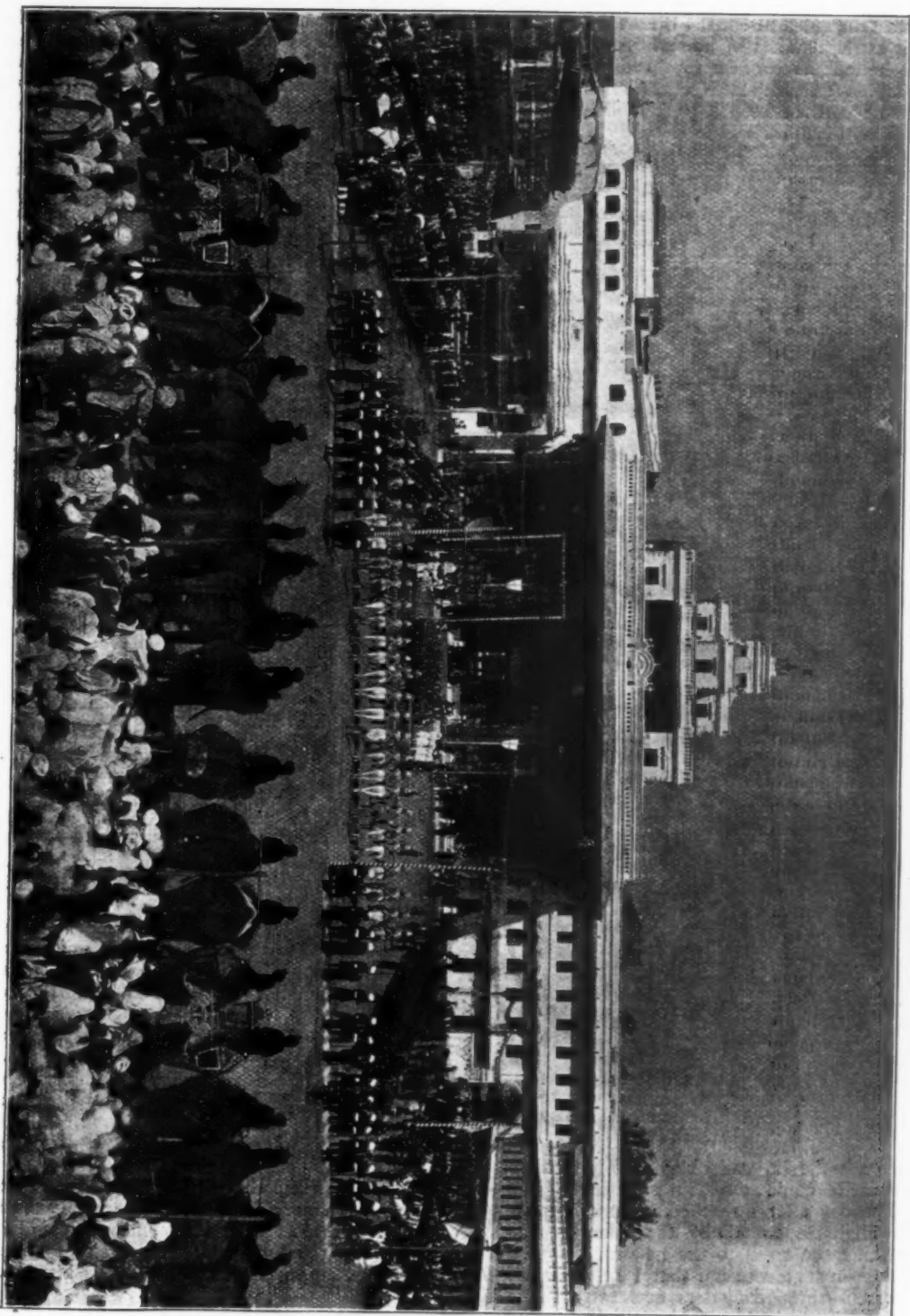
Among the thrones I particularly noticed the famous figwood one which formerly belonged to an ancient dynasty of Rajahs, from whom the present reigning family claim their descent. It is said that during the reign of the Moguls, one of the Rajahs of Mysore asked Aurungzeb for permission to use it, and on payment of a large stipulated sum his request was granted. This throne, which shines like gold, is kept in a verandah or open gallery, called the throne corridor; and once a year, during the Dussurah Festival,

the Maharajah sits in state on it. From that coign of vantage, which is just above the open courtyard, he can see everything that goes on, and all his people can see *him*. But only the select few—that is to say, the rich and great—are allowed to rendezvous around him.

The pillars in the hall of the palace are of native wood, painted in glowing hues of red, green, and yellow; and beyond the hall there is a courtyard with a circus, in which the two little princes receive their riding lessons, and where their father—himself an excellent horseman—watches their progress with great interest. In addition to these things, there are the armoury, where Tippoo Sultan's sword is to be seen, the jewel room, where jewels worth 300,000*l.* are spread out on a carpet embroidered with pearls which is valued at 20,000*l.*, the picture gallery, with its ivory doors with carved panels and its many quaint paintings, and, above all, the library. The latter is most curious, and it contains a number of old-world books scratched by a style upon Palmyra leaves, and bound with laths in silver, steel, and ivory—which are so extraordinary that they really give one a new sensation. Moreover, they furnish an additional proof of how strangely stereotyped and immutable are the customs of Eastern nations. For, until comparatively lately, groups of Indian children were sometimes seen sitting with their schoolmaster under a tree—some learning to write and others engaged in scratching the letters of the alphabet on leaves!

But to please me, the most interesting object either within or without the palace is the Maharajah himself. There he is, the embodiment in his own person of two distinct civilisations, and a credit to both. He is, in fact, the result of an experiment—an attempt to implant Western ideas in the receptive soil of a young Eastern mind. And the effort has been so successful that, owing to his British training, he might now be described as being like a well-bred English gentleman—with the chill off. For his manner is at once dignified and gracious; he speaks our language perfectly; and he has such large and enlightened ideas of progress and advancement that Mysore is said to be one of the best-governed states in India. In short, Chama Rajendra Wodier is a most interesting personality both as regards his private and public life; and when the difficulties he has had to contend with are taken into consideration (difficulties appertaining to caste, and inherited prejudices, etc.) he is a very remarkable one, too. For he is the faithful husband of one wife, to whom he has been always devoted; he is an admirable father and much attached to his children; and, above all, he is a merciful and capable ruler, whose paramount object is to reform abuses and elevate the character and condition of his people. In person he is of middle height and has a very intelligent face; and in age I should say he was about thirty-five. He dresses in well-built English clothes, and there is nothing Oriental about his costume with the exception of his headgear, which consists of the usual puggaree adorned with a few costly gems. He speaks slowly and deliberately, but always expresses himself well; and I found him a most agreeable companion during some pleasant drives that I

¹ At Bangalore, which is the administrative headquarters, the Maharajah's palace is, on the contrary, a beautiful building, as will be seen by the photograph.



THE PALACE AT MYSORE.

took with him on his coach—where I noticed that he handles the ribbons as dexterously as he does the reins of state. I also observed that his tastes in most things are essentially British. For example, he is extremely fond of horses. And on the day that he took me over the royal stables and showed me all his favourite steeds, etc., he said that at one time he used to keep a pack of hounds, though



THE MAHARAJAH'S FAMILY.

after a while he was obliged to give them up, because he could so seldom get a field.

The day after I reached Mysore I drove with his Highness round by the lake (or, properly speaking, the tank) to the new racecourse. And it was on that occasion that I first saw his five children—three daughters and two sons. The eldest princess is now of marriageable age according to Eastern etiquette, being nearly fourteen; but, owing to her father's enlightened views, she is fortunate enough to be exempted from what is

called the *Purda Nashin*—that stringent and irksome rule, whereby Eastern women are debarred from all intercourse with the outer world, and obliged to live unseen and unheard, except by their special lords and masters. This is very pleasant for her. But I was much surprised to find that the freedom which she enjoys is not shared by her mother. On the contrary, just before the races

began, the poor Maharanee¹ drove up to the course, accompanied by her children, in a closed carriage with the blinds down. And having been, so to say, smuggled to her appropriated niche on the grand stand, she remained there to the end—unseen, and, to the best of my belief, without being able to see much either. Meanwhile the children joined their father, and kept up a brisk conversation all the time with their English governess by whom they were accompanied. The young princesses did not wear either hats or bonnets—but they had strings of pearls and other precious stones twisted in their dark, silky hair. The two little boys—both of whom speak English very prettily—wore coats of richly brocaded silk, and trousers to match, together with turbans thickly sprinkled with pearls and emeralds, which glittered and sparkled brightly as the sun's rays flashed upon them. Both they and their sisters looked bright and intelligent, and they all seemed to be healthy and happy.

After the races were over I attended a large banquet at Government House, given by the Maharajah to nearly a hundred guests who were then staying there. And at its conclusion I was much gratified by observing the warm and enthusiastic loyalty with which the health of her gracious Majesty the Queen-

Empress was drunk by everyone present.

There was something to be done each day that I remained at Mysore. But the excursion that afforded me most pleasure was one which his Highness kindly and thoughtfully arranged for me to Seringapatam, a place which, with its historic as-

¹ This enlightened and estimable lady has co-operated with her husband in inaugurating Girls' Schools at Mysore, which are working so admirably that a bright future may reasonably be anticipated for the women of that portion of Southern India.

sociations, romantic surroundings, and charming scenery, I had long been anxious to visit. It is about fourteen miles from Mysore, and during my drive to it I passed through a rich and fertile country—almost as green as England—dotted with villages and fields of Indian corn, with gardens of plantain trees and sugar canes, and with clumps of feathery bamboo and teak trees, whose colossal leaves and enormous mauve-coloured blossoms formed a very effective feature in the scene. I also passed the palm grove where Wellington lost his way—together with a good many of his men—the day before the Fort fell. But the place looks so utterly quiet, peaceful, and unremarkable now, that it is difficult to picture it as having been the scene of a struggle even so far back as 1799.

On arriving at Seringapatam I was somewhat disappointed with its aspect. For at the present time it is a dull, depopulated town—deserted and neglected, and with so little life or vitality about it that it seems to be the mere phantom of its former magnificence, when it was the capital of Mysore. But the Fort is there yet, and the whole place is so reminiscent of the past that it is still full of interest—especially to a soldier. The fortifications, which were very strong, though not skilfully constructed according to modern principles, form a regular pentagon, and stand on an island in the sacred river Cauvery. The principal buildings which they now contain (for the old palace has completely crumbled away) are the Hindoo temple of Vishnu and the Sultan's mosque, containing the tombs of the nobles who fell in his cause. Grass and trees now grow luxuriantly about the spot where our troops attacked the Fort and the deadly conflict took place in 1799. But the breach in the masonry made by the British cannon, though it has been repaired, can still be distinctly traced, and was pointed out to me by my guide. He also showed me the cells where some unfortunate British officers were chained to the wall for three years; the spot where Tippoo Sultan fell; and many other remarkable things. And then he took me to the mausoleum which contains the tombs of Hyder Ali and his wife, and their infamous son Tippoo. A path fringed with areca palms and cypresses leads to these tombs; and, after having pursued it for some time, you see before you a white Saracenic dome raised upon a platform, which is supported by pillars of black marble. The doors of the mausoleum are most beautiful, being composed of rosewood inlaid with ivory; the windows, too, with their elaborate marble fretwork, are very striking; and there was something about the whole building which reminded me of the Taj-Mahal at Agra. And yet, perhaps, it is an insult to the latter to say so. For while the Mussulman mausoleum, handsome though it may be, is to a certain extent conventional, the Taj is a thing apart. It is a realised dream of architectural beauty; a requiem in marble; and the embodied expression of a grief and love that were immortal.

My excursion to Seringapatam wound up with a visit to the Dowlat Bagh—or Garden of Wealth—wherein stands the Summer Palace of Tippoo Sultan, which became the residence of the Duke of Wellington after the capture of the Fort, and

whilst he was Governor of the Province. This little palace of two storeys high is full of charm. It is freighted with historic memories which render it especially interesting; and with its richly ornamented walls it is a very favourable specimen of Moslem art. The lower storey is covered with mural pictures representing the various victories of Tippoo Sultan; and as every available spot is richly decorated with painted arabesques, the ensemble is very remarkable, and struck me as being different from anything I had previously seen in India. Besides, the little building is delightfully situated in the midst of a garden reaching down to the river's banks. And it is noticeable, too, that in this particular part the Cauvery assumes a new aspect and its beauty is of a larger and statelier cast. Indeed, the whole scene is on a more imposing scale; there is a greater breadth in nature's treatment; and in places where the ever-graceful bamboo bends over the river, very fine effects are produced by the mingled play of light and shade on its surface.

It will be remembered that this ancient river (the Cauvery), though it is not so celebrated as the Ganges or the Indus, is one of the principal rivers of Southern India, being 472 miles long, and famous alike for its traditional sanctity and the beauty of its scenery. It rises in Coorg, high up among the Western Ghâts, and flows in a generally south-eastern direction—the whole of its course being holy ground. It is known to devout Hindoos as *Dakshin Ganga*, or the Ganges of the South; and the popular belief about it is very curious—namely, that even the holy Ganges resorts underground once in every twelve months to the source of the Cauvery to purge herself from the pollution contracted from the crowd of sinners who have bathed in her waters during the year!

But at the present day the culminating point of the Cauvery is at the island of Sivasamudram, where its waters form the celebrated falls, which are unrivalled for romantic beauty and have been compared to Niagara—on a small scale. The river there is divided by the island, which is three miles long, and as each stream makes a descent of about 200 feet in a succession of rapids and waterfalls, and the vegetation on all sides is most luxuriant—the whole scene is so grandly beautiful that it ought to be visited by every traveller in these parts.

But to return to the Dowlat Bagh. When I entered the Summer Palace I found an exquisite little repast spread out in one of the sitting-rooms, and two servants waiting to attend me whilst I partook of it. Indeed, it was quite a fairy scene in which I found myself; for the table contained every delicacy that could be thought of, the room, as it opened out on the garden with its trees and flowers, conveyed the idea of being in a bower, and the painted walls, glowing with the most daring combinations of colour, suggested the barbaric splendour and Eastern magnificence of a bygone day. Thus, side by side with all the resources of modern civilisation, there was a glow from the far-off past. And there was a sort of glamour about the whole scene, and such a sense of dreamlike unreality, that it recalled to my mind

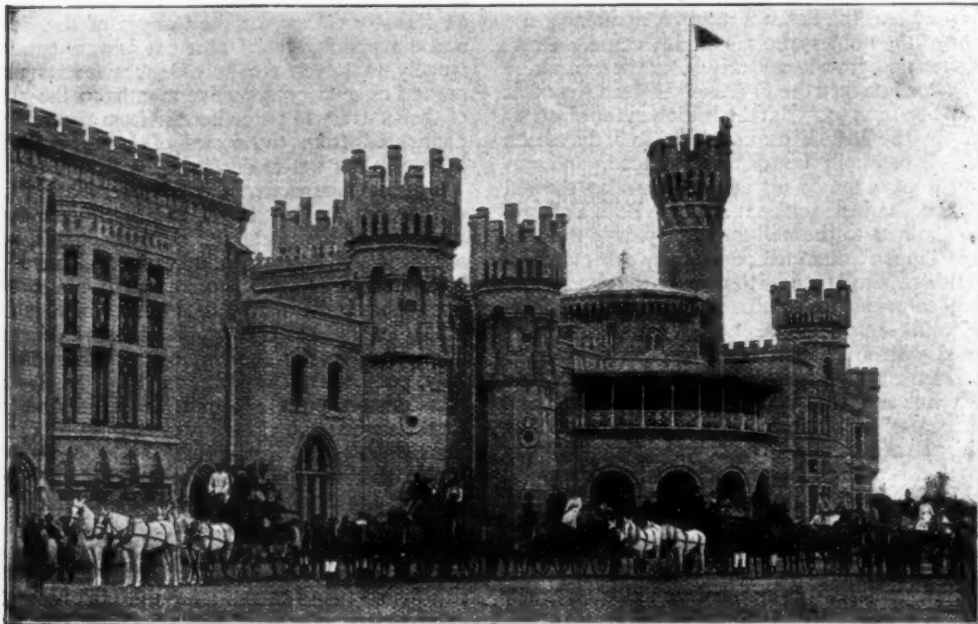
one of those enchanted palaces of fairy lore, where the traveller was waited on by bodiless hands, and had all his wishes gratified as soon as they were formed!

The heat at Mysore during the daytime is often too ardent to be quite agreeable. But the mornings are delightful. Indeed, I shall not readily forget one early walk that I took there to a native village which was within comparatively easy reach of the town, and which I wanted to see. It was only about half-past six a.m. when I started, and at that early hour the dew was still sparkling upon leaf and blossom, and the air was so deliciously fresh and cool that it was *almost* invigorating. In the zenith the sky was a broad expanse of strong, radiant blue, with here and there some soft white clouds floating slowly over it like dreams. But in the east, where the sun had just shot above the horizon, the blue melted into gold, and at that part the heavens shone with a sort of metallic lustre which was quite dazzling, and which made every feature and inflection of colour in the scene stand forth with a vivid clearness and distinctness quite unknown in our own hazy clime. My path, too, lay through scenes which, though they did not present any grand or striking characteristics, were fair and smiling. The ground was beautifully undulating in some parts; rice and paddy fields stretched away on every side; in the

charm of the hour and scene, at every step the long, scented grasses gave forth a delicious fragrance, which, when mingled with the breath of the oleander and the champak, seemed to rise like incense on the morning air. Thus, an early walk of this kind, with all its pleasant influences, is the poetry of Indian life, and stirs the blood with a strange enchantment. But, alas! in contrast to it there is the prose of "the long, long Indian day," during which, in the hot season, there are so many discomforts to be contended with—in addition to monotony and mosquitoes—that you often feel as if, under such circumstances, the value of life might be represented by some negative symbol.

Meantime, the village which was the objective point of my walk proved to be merely a typical one after all, with nothing to differentiate it from the thousands of other villages which are scattered broadcast over the country. These little townlets might be briefly described thus: a cluster of trees, usually consisting of the tamarind, mango, cocoanut, and plantain, etc.; a group of mud-walled dwellings, some thatched and some tiled; a large tank close at hand; and, in the centre, a small temple, together with effigies of the Serpent carved in stone.¹

Nevertheless, in spite of their sameness, these Indian villages, which are of immemorial antiquity,



THE BANGALORE PALACE.

distance there were dense masses of woodland, interspersed with thick jungle; and all around there was such a luxuriant vegetation that there literally seemed to be leaves and flowers and ferns and tendrils everywhere. The ground was carpeted with them; even the trunks and gnarled boughs of the tall forest trees were wreathed and festooned with creepers; and, as if to add to the

are replete with interest, and constitute a most fascinating study to those who have time to examine the subject. For, being quite unaffected by the civilising agencies which are at work elsewhere—

¹ These effigies form a most noteworthy feature in the scene. For they reveal the great prevalence of Serpent-worship in Southern India, and at the same time many of them are executed with a boldness and vigour which display the inherited instincts and artistic tastes of an ancient civilisation.

that is to say, in large towns—each village is still a little world in itself, with its own laws and forms of government, and, in spite of the counter influences of Western civilisation, still preserving intact its ancient traditions, which have been handed down through countless ages from the dim past. A Hindoo village is, in short, a complete organism, containing within itself everything that its existence demands, and possessing a perfect provision for political independence and autonomy. Moreover, it is there that you see “the mild Hindoo” as he is, and you realise that though his thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways, he has many excellent qualities and traits of character which claim our admiration. Indeed, I have never met anybody who, after a long residence in the land of the sun, did not carry away with him pleasant recollections of the people, however much he might rail against the climate. But from my own point of view, every phase of life in India and all things connected with the country, are interesting—its scenery, its past history, and its future prospects. There is a deep and abiding charm in the grandeur of its mountain summits, the mysterious depths of

its wild ravines, its stately rivers, and wondrous forests; its history embraces that of the birth and growth of the human race, and to the close observer—intently watching the clash of old and new ideas and the ever-increasing spread of European influence—nothing seems more certain than that a great and prosperous future is in store for its people under British rule. In short, our system of administration must in the end unite and cement the interests of the two great Aryan races whose branches have again met together in the common home of the human family. And now that an Eastern sceptre has been placed in Western hands, we may confidently hope that the primitive but long-forgotten kinship of these races will one day fully re-assert itself. As for Mysore, it has recently been opened up by three lines of railway to European travellers; and they will certainly find that a visit to it well repays the time and trouble expended in making it. For it is a country that presents many interesting political problems—which have yet to be worked out; and with its more stupendous nature, its more brilliant colouring, and its intenser sun, it offers an inexhaustible field for artistic energy also.

SCOTCH CHILDREN AT PLAY.

THERE is an old tradition which relates that during the long and bitter rivalry between Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart, the astute English queen would sometimes ask her messengers how the Scottish children were amusing themselves. If she was told they were playing at soldiers, she gave the order to arm.

To this date must belong *Scots and English*, with its defiant challenge: “Set your feet on Scots grund, English, if ye daur!” a game which still lingers in some quarters across the border, though it has developed into French and English on this side of the Tweed. Mr. R. Chambers points out that this game much resembles *Barley Break*, “the pastime of high-born lords and ladies in the time of Sir Philip Sidney, who describes it in his ‘Arcadia.’”

A study of Galt or Jamieson affords some odd particulars of the amusements of Scottish children, many of them of great antiquity.

The breeziest and blithest have naturally their longest life in villages. “*The King o’ Cantland*” or “*Cantelon*,” said to owe its origin to the troublous reign of Charles I., requires a great deal of elbow-room. The players—called knights—run from one goal to another at a considerable distance apart, those whom the king captures becoming his subjects, bound to aid him in further conquest. The following dialogue between a

knight and their majesties of Cantland opens the game:

“*Knight*. King and Queen of Cantelon,
How many miles to Babylon?

King. Eight and eight, and other eight.

Knight. Will I get there by candle light?

King. If your horse be good and your spurs be bright.

Knight. How many men hae ye?

King. Mair nor ye daur come and see.”

Bogill-about-the-Bush, or *Barley-bracks-about-the-Stacks* is a variant of *Hide and Seek*, a special “stook” being fixed on as a “den” or goal. That the seeker should be a *Bogill* (hobgoblin) no doubt adds the spice of terror which gives fascination to the game.

While only a lad would be likely to accept the challenge and run the gauntlet of *Hecklebirnie*, *Chuckie-stanes*, *Pallalls* and *Kemp* are sports but fit for lassies. Uncouth names these in Southern ears, and, truth to tell, a Scot himself would be puzzled to say how *Hop-sotch* came by its name of *Pallalls*. Dr. Jamieson, of the dictionary, offers no explanation. *Chuckie-stanes*, played with such little pebbles as a chicken might swallow, demands some deftness and sleight-of-hand; *Kemp* is that innocent beheading (or “kemping”) of Ribgrass or Ribwort (the children call it “soldiers”) at which small antagonists doubtless play all the

world over. Its name in the North perhaps originates from *Kemp*, a champion.

Of indoor games, a favourite is "*Change Seats, the Kings come*," very similar to the English *Post*. Dr. Jamieson thinks it was originally intended to "ridicule the political scramble for places on occasion of a change of government, or in the succession."

Through the needle-ee, boys, has its accompanying rhyme :

"Brother Jack, if ye'll be mine,
I'll gie ye claret wine;
Claret wine is good and fine
Through the needle-ee, boys."

Claret, we may notice, was largely drunk at ancient Scotch clubs, and was sold at tenpence a bottle.

Het beans and butter has its fellow in the English *Hot butter, beans and bacon*.

Curcuddie, also known as *Harie Hutcheon*, is a dancing game, the little ones crouching down, joining hands in a ring and hopping to music, like so many tadpoles, while each sings :

"Will ye gang to the lea, Curcuddie,
And join your plack wi' me, Curcuddie?
I lookit about and I saw naeboddy,
And linkit awa' my lane, Curcuddie."

To it is allied the round dance of "*Merry-matanzie*," with its charming verses and its jingling refrain, far too long to quote, set to its unforgettable melody. This pretty and dramatic game may be the lingering echo of an old mask-play.

Was there ever Scotch nursery in the past (one cannot speak so confidently of the present generation, which may perhaps despise such follies) where one's lot in a game was not determined by the traditionary—

"One-erie, two-erie tickerie seven,
Alibi, crackerie, ten or eleven;
Pin pan, muskie-dan,
Tweedle-um, twaddle-um, twenty-one.
Black fish, white trout,
Eerie, orie, you are out!"

To the same order (see reference to it in "*The Bride of Lammermoor*") belongs :

"My Lord Provo, my Lord Provo,
Where shall this poor fellow go?
Some gaes east and some gaes west,
And some gaes to the craw's nest."

As in the former case, the rhymester stands in the middle of an expectant circle, tapping each breast

in succession, he who is touched at the last word becoming the privileged leader.

Of "*ingleneuk*" games, the choice is also large, but for these we must go to the cottage at gloaming-fall, before "*erie-light-the-lamp*" comes briskly down the street with his ladder over his shoulder. Then it is that the brand called *Priest-cat* is plucked from the ribs of the grate and whirled round to the couplet :

"About wi' that, about wi' that,
Keep alive the Priest-cat"—

a forfeit being claimed should the light be extinguished.

Much the same as this, and equally unsafe in small hands, is *Robin-a-Ree*, except that the burning wood is passed from one to another while the players sing :

"Robin-a-Ree, ye'll no dee wi' me,
Though I birl ye roun' a three times and three.
O Robin-a-Ree, O Robin-a-Ree,
O dinna let Robin-a-Reerie dee!"

Wadds and Wears is another game in which forfeits play a part.

"I hae been awa' at the wadds and the wears
These seven lang years,
And's come hame a puir broken ploughman;
What will ye gie me to help me to my trade?"

"Wears" may perhaps stand for wars; the etymology of "wadds" is doubtful, but the nearest derivation seems to be "a pledge" or "promise."

Nieve-nick-nack, with its powers of provocation and its doubtful morality, belongs to the fireside too. Some small article is hid in one hand while the fists (nieves) are rapidly reversed to the words—

"Nieve-nieve nick-nack,
Which hand will ye tak'?
Tak' the richt or tak' the wrang,
I'll beguile ye if I can!"

So they come trooping back, these and many another out of the mists of the past, old half-forgotten jingles, doubtless fallen into disuse in these days when children are born grown-up, but they continue to have some interest for the student of literature, since they had an honoured place in many classic works. Instances of most of those given above will be found in old numbers of *Blackwood*, in *Galt*, in *Hogg*, in the collections of the *Chambers Brothers*, and best of all in the works of the great *Sir Walter*, upon whom no smallest sign illustrative of national character was ever lost.

K.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.¹

BY the death of Christina Georgina Rossetti on December 29, 1894, the world of literature has lost a poet around whom there gathered a charm, an interest, difficult to describe. Those who know her work intimately have felt a personal affection for her; many, as we write, are mourning that such a singer is for ever silenced; and yet neither affection nor admiration are words fitly to indicate the sway she exercised.

Dante—the quickening interest in whom may be considered one of the most hopeful literary signs of our day—symbolises the union of brilliant and fervid imagination with the power of ecstatic religious contemplation, tempered by a stern austerity. Tenderness of the deepest is in his nature, but it is chastened by a sense of the awfulness of life and of death. The combination which characterised the great poet of the Middle Ages—the rapture of poetic insight blended with the sternness of the prophet, the ecstasy of the saint—is found also in this woman singer of the nineteenth century. Had she been thoroughly English this would have seemed an anomaly; but she was, in sooth, Italian, and nurtured in the study of the great Florentine.

Christina, the youngest of the four children of Gabriele Rossetti, was born in London, on December 5, 1830. Her father was distinguished as a poet, as a commentator upon Dante, and as an exile who knew the passion of Italian patriotism. Once he held an honourable position in the Borbonico Museum at Naples, but he was flung into prison during the early struggles for Italian independence and, contriving to effect an escape, fled to London. Thus the story of Dante seems to find a faint echo, and the poet is driven from the very scenes that should have gained undying renown through himself and his children. Christina Rossetti's mother was a daughter of Gaetano Polidori, the translator of Milton, and sister of Dr. Polidori, Lord Byron's friend and physician. It is not wonderful that the children of such parents, reared in an atmosphere instinct with art and literature, all grew up to fame. When Christina

was sixteen her maternal grandfather, Mr. Polidori, printed at his own press a volume of her poems. Of these the sonnet entitled "Vanity of Vanities" is a wonderful production for a girl of such an age. It sounds the keynote of much of her future work.

"Ah, woe is me for pleasure that is vain!
Ah, woe is me for glory that is past!
Pleasure that bringeth sorrow at the last;
Glory that at the last bringeth no gain!
So saith the sinking heart; and so again
It shall say till the mighty angel-blast
Soundeth, making the Sun and Moon aghast,
And showering down the stars like sudden rain.
And evermore men shall go fearfully,
Bending beneath their weight of heaviness;
And ancient men shall lie down wearily,
And strong men shall rise up in weariness;
Yea, even the young shall answer sighingly,
Saying one to another, 'How vain it is!'"

In the picture by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, now in the National Gallery, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the poet painter took his young sister for

his model. She contributed, at the age of twenty, to the organ of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, "The Germ," and was herself called by some "the queen of the Pre-Raphaelites"; but it was not until the year 1862 that she published "Goblin Market" and began to win her poetic renown.

In 1876 she entered the house at 30 Torrington Square, with her mother. Two aunts, the mother's sisters, joined them; and in loving ministry, combined with literary work, Christina Rossetti's quiet life flowed on. Her mother, of whom she writes with tender reverence, and who by her gift of storytelling first charmed Christina's childish imagination, died in 1886; the others fol-

lowed. It is always a heart-breaking task to watch the gradual failure and decay of the aged who are beloved; and the poetess's last years were shadowed by this cause. At length she was left alone, in broken health; her elder brother and only sister



CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

¹ "Poems," by Christina G. Rossetti. New and enlarged edition.

were also gone, and she, in weakness and suffering, longed intensely for the end. Those who loved her could not grieve when that end came, and she entered into the Rest which was ever in her thoughts, towards which she taught others to aspire.

In seeking to form a true estimate of Christina Rossetti's work, one cannot avoid the conviction that she has not as yet obtained her full meed of appreciation from the great mass of the English reading public. William Watson, the modern poet, offers her high praise, linking her name, it may be conjectured, first with Mrs. Browning, then with Sappho:

"Of those sweet peers, the grass is green o'er one,
And blue above the other is the sea."

By a class her poems are intimately known and tenderly loved; to the majority she is still little more than a name. And yet there is no harsh, ambiguous diction, no repellent obscurity of thought, in her poetry. All is of exquisite workmanship, which shows her to be a finished artist. Steeped in the spirit of Dante, she has framed her style on the very best of literary models. Her meaning, also, has not to be pursued through a tortuous labyrinth of expression. Another very noteworthy point is that she seldom falls far below her own standard. The reader has not to plod wearily over vast tracts of dull, uninspired work, like desert sand, before the sparkling oasis is reached. In this she may compare favourably with Wordsworth, and also with one who is more likely to be matched with her in thought, whose "Last Poems" were issued just as Christina Rossetti's first book was published—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. All is concentrated, apt, forcible; there is no waste of words.

Perhaps this lack of universal appreciation may be partly explained by the fact that the region of Christina Rossetti's work lies somewhat apart from ordinary experience. There is no bright, glad, healthy outburst of the joy of living; no reproduction, as by Wordsworth, of the happiness that lies hid in the simple elemental affections and duties; neither is there any attempt to grapple with modern problems. The everyday world, of daily life and occupation, is not represented here. The cursory reader associates her name chiefly with "Goblin Market"; he thinks that sounds eerie and unpromising, and is not tempted to explore further. On the other hand, this very weirdness, to those who know and love her work, constitutes half its charm, for is it not the weirdness born of imagination? Her song, like the song of Keats' nightingale in the immortal lines, brings to mind

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

The mystic twilight, the atmosphere of wonder and aspiration, are indescribably fascinating.

In spite of the absence of anything like mirth or cheerfulness, the poems are by no means uniformly sad. One might apply to them the description of the great souls in the "Divine Comedy":

"Sembianza avevan nè trista nè lieta."
("Semblance they had nor sorrowful nor glad.")

Broadly speaking, the poems in the collective volume, which includes her chief work, may be divided into two classes: narrative and introspective. The narrative poems are chiefly of legend or fairy lore, and in the region of romance Christina Rossetti has no peer among her own sex, few among the other.

The first poem in the book, with two illustrations, is "Goblin Market," an elfin tale told with simplicity and force. Here we have the sister who tastes of forbidden fruit and pines away; the sister who saves her by daring and self-devotion. It were easy to read a moral into this story and into the exquisitely musical "Prince's Progress" which follows it. The one hints at the mystery of love's vicarious sacrifice, the other at the mystery of transgression and retribution; and yet it is not necessary to find a definite significance in every legend of romance.

One has heard of diligent Browning-worshippers in full hue and cry after the moral contained, for instance, in "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came." When they had run down their booty, and carried it in triumph to the Master's feet, 'twas only to have it lightly disowned—"A moral it may be, and an excellent morsel for your consumption, but none of mine, good people!"

The "Prince's Progress" is the story of a Prince who sets forth in quest of an enchanted Princess, waiting spellbound for him in her palace "built all of changing opal stone." The bride asks:

"How long shall I wait, come heat, come rime?"
'Till the strong Prince comes, who must come in time'
(Her women say), 'there's a mountain to climb,
A river to ford, sleep, dream and sleep;
Sleep' (they say); 'we've muffled the chime,
Better dream than weep.'"

The Prince is weak of purpose, and is tempted aside by magic wiles. At length he shakes himself free and forces himself to attain the palace, only to find it is too late.

"Too late for love, too late for joy,
Too late, too late!
You loitered on the road too long,
You trifled at the gate:
The enchanted dove upon her branch
Died without a mate;
The enchanted Princess in her tower
Slept, died, behind the grate;
Her heart was starving all this while
You made it wait.

"We never heard her speak in haste,
Her tones were sweet,
And modulated just so much
As it was meet;
Her heart sat silent through the noise
And concourse of the street;
There was no hurry in her hands,
No hurry in her feet;
There was no bliss drew nigh to her
That she might run to greet."

"You should have wept her yesterday," cry the maidens, in response to the Prince's anguished lament. Now it is too late alike for love and regret; all, all is over.

There are other romances, such as "Maiden Song," "Noble Sisters," "A Royal Princess," "Brandons Both," but the "Prince's Progress" is the longest and most successful. Christina Rossetti has much power in the telling of these stories, and when they are of weird and magic mould they suit her genius best. Many readers do not find this description of work appeal to them; to others, as to the writer of this article, it has a wonderful and indefinable charm, recalling the thrill of mystery and delight with which as a child she used to pore over a folio edition of Blake's coloured illustrations to a poem beyond childish comprehension.

Two or three poems treat of the change wrought in human love by death. In one, the ghost maiden offers to call her lover to rejoin her; he is dismayed, will not leave the warm pleasant world, and protests:

"Indeed I loved you; I love you yet,
If you will stay where your bed is set,
Where I have planted a violet,
Which the wind waves, which the dew makes wet."

There are a few examples of a more cheery ordinary style, such as "A Farm Walk," "Child's Talk in April," and "Johnny," the last a touching story founded on an anecdote of the French Revolution.

Christina Rossetti has all the appreciation of the beauty of the world that distinguished Shelley, Keats, and her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. She observes Nature with a minute and loving eye, and is familiar with every sign of the changing year, as may be seen in "Spring and Autumn," "A Year's Windfalls," and "The Months," with many other poems. But into Nature she reads the secret of humanity.

Spring, with its re-awakening of the world, symbolises hope, a hope only to be mocked by inevitable autumn, with its rain and falling leaves. And as for the joy of the world, which she can realise too, she is for ever preaching the stern lesson of renunciation. Herein she differs from the greater poets mentioned. The burden of her cry is that of Goethe's "Faust": "Thou shalt renounce, O human soul!"

"Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!"

"Amor Mundi" and "Pastime," two brief weird poems, suggest the danger of embracing too closely the joys of earth. And "A Portrait" sketches what we cannot but feel is the poetess's own ideal.

"She gave up beauty in her tender youth,
Gave all her hope, and joy, and pleasant ways;
She covered up her eyes lest they should gaze
On vanity, and chose the bitter truth.
Harsh towards herself, towards others full of ruth,
Servant of servants, little known to praise,
Long prayers and fasts trenched on her nights and days;
She schooled herself to sights and sounds uncouth,
That with the poor and stricken she might make
A home, until the least of all sufficed
Her wants; her own self learned she to forsake,
Counting all earthly gain but hurt and loss.
So with calm will she chose and bore the cross,
And hated all for love of Jesus Christ."

We catch in this sonnet the tone of Christina Rossetti's religious genius: it breathes of seclusion and cloistral retirement, of self-abnegation and mysticism. Another little gem of the same class may be quoted here:

"Give me the lowest place: not that I dare
Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died
That I might live and share
Thy glory by Thy side.

"Give me the lowest place: or if for me
That lowest place too high, make one more low,
Where I may sit and see
My God, and love Thee so."

The lines on Birchington Churchyard, where her brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti lies buried, exactly describe the spot, and are full of poetic significance.

"A lowly hill which overlooks a flat,
Half sea, half country side;
A flat-shored sea of low-voiced creeping tide
Over a chalky weedy mat.

"A hill of hillocks, flowery and kept green
Round crosses raised for hope,
With many-tinted sunsets where the slope
Faces the lingering western sheen.

"A lowly hope, a height that is but low,
While Time sets solemnly,
While the tide rises of Eternity,
Silent, and neither swift nor slow."

Christina Rossetti is *par excellence* a devotional poet—the greatest, as we think, of all English devotional poets. The later collection, entitled "Verses," affords even more illustration of her power in this vein. But we must turn with reluctance from the purely religious poems in the volume before us to note her treatment of the one great theme that makes the poetry of life—human love.

Here there is, almost uniformly, a strain of melancholy. The fate of her enchanted Princess recurs again and again. The sweet lines on L. E. L., "whose heart was breaking for a little love," strike a chord that is often repeated.

"Downstairs I laugh, I sport and jest with all,
But in my solitary room above
I turn my face in silence to the wall;
My heart is breaking for a little love.
Though winter frosts are done,
And birds pair every one,
And leaves peep out, for spring-tide is begun.

"Perhaps some saints in glory guess the truth,
Perhaps some angels read it as they move,
And cry one to another full of ruth,
'Her heart is breaking for a little love,'
Though other things have birth,
And leap and sing for mirth,
When spring-time wakes and clothes and feeds the earth."

Both by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti has Letitia Elizabeth Landon been commemorated in verse. Mrs. Browning's poem

on L. E. L.'s last question, "Do you think of me as I think of you?" will rise to remembrance here.

Love, then, is almost always viewed upon its sad side. The agony of separation, of mystery, of neglect; the soul crying out for its mate, and finding not; loneliness, faithlessness, and oblivion; these recur again and again. But there is ever and anon the "confidence, amends for all," expressed by Robert Browning:

"That heaven repairs the wrong earth's journey did,
When love from lifelong exile comes at call."

Here "Echo" may be quoted, musically sad, as an example of Christina Rossetti's most finished expression:

"Come to me in the silence of the night,
Come in the speaking silence of a dream,
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
As sunlight on a stream;
Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years!

"O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet,
Where thirsting longing eyes
Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more."

The poem, "Dream Love," recalls Shelley in its melodious ring. A few verses may be given:

"Young Love lies dreaming
Till summer days are gone,—
Dreaming and drowsing
Away to perfect sleep;
He sees the beauty
Sun hath not looked upon,
And tastes the fountain
Unutterably deep.

"Him perfect music
Doth hush unto his rest,
And through the pauses
The perfect silence calms:
Oh, poor the voices
Of earth from east to west,
And poor earth's stillness
Between her stately palms!

"Young Love lies drowsing
Away to poppied death;
Cool shadows deepen
Across the sleeping face:
So fails the summer
With warm delicious breath;
And what hath autumn
To give us in its place?"

The sonnet by many readers will be considered the form that Christina Rossetti has brought most to perfection. "Monna Innominata" and "Later Life" afford excellent examples of this, both of

them being a string of sonnets. The dedication of the second series of "Poems" by the poetess to her mother is very sweet.

An exquisite instance of the sonnet form is "Remember."

"Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve,
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad."

In spite of the strain of melancholy there is no note of modern pessimism in this poet's work. The beauty of artistic form is never associated with any relaxation of the moral fibre. All is pure, exalted, strenuous. The lesson she is for ever teaching is this: that out of the pain and sorrow of life comes its truest fruition. To reign, we needs must serve; to rejoice, we needs must suffer. It is tempting to quote poem after poem, but space forbids. One of the most striking in the book, in its power of concentrated expression, is that entitled "Up-Hill."

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

"But is there for the night a resting place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

"Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

"Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come."

The majority of the poems in this volume are not the poems for youth. They are adapted to hours of meditation, of retrospect, of faith, as were the exquisite "Verses" which appeared but recently. But those who are once attracted by them will find it difficult to describe the charm; a charm which will grow and grow with knowledge. For long and patient study alone can do justice to the work of one who holds a distinguished place among English poets, and whose genius is in many respects quite unique.

LILY WATSON.

NEW OXFORD.

I.

OXFORD is not what it used to be. Its everyday life is supposed to be familiar to every educated Englishman, and has its interest for every generation; but that life has of late been changing greatly. The times are moving, and Oxford is moving with them, modifying its methods and increasing its responsibilities. It is larger than it was. There are now over 3,200 undergraduates and over 12,000 members on its books. There has been much building and rebuilding in stone and brick. There are more colleges. Keble has been built and duly "incorporated," a college unlike all the rest in its externals, its aggressive ornamental brickwork marking it off from the other colleges architecturally as much as its £82 a year for everything inclusive does financially. On the other hand, in the newest of stone and of the most approved collegiate style, there are the nonconformist Mansfield and Manchester, whose professors and students, though resident in Oxford, form no corporate part of Oxford University. The girls have come to Oxford; they have their Somerville, Lady Margaret, and St. Hugh's.

The withdrawal of the obstacles to matrimony has given the town a residential element of dons and their families, and as a natural consequence a considerable influx of private residents. The turning-out of the third-year men into lodgings to make room for the freshmen in the colleges has practically swept away whatever was left of the so-called monastic tone. And the introduction of the non-collegiates, otherwise the unattached, has brought it into more direct association with the people. By its "locals" it has greatly widened its connection with the ordinary schools and raised the standard of the country's education; by its "extensions" it has brought at least a whiff of culture within the reach of all; and by its "settlements" it has spread its influence even to the purlieus. It has "expanded" as Cambridge has done, and in its popularising it has apparently added more to its efficiency than it has lost of its aloofness.

It is ancient, with many evidences of its antiquity; but, like its buildings, which owe much of their old-time look to the peculiarity of the local stone, it is not so far behind the age as at first sight appears. Its progressive spirits have even begun to hint that it is not so old as it used to say it was, and are even willing to take four centuries off the length of existence of its oldest college, since the "millenary" of University, celebrated in 1872, had its effect so badly spoilt by the joke of the historian who sent the master those burnt cakes, "dug up at Athelney to entertain King Alfred's scholars withal!"

Age has its disadvantages. People of experience are too apt to teach that there is nothing new under the sun, forgetting that inability to notice the continual change of conditions is also not new.

There have been students at Oxford for seven or eight centuries at least. During those hundreds of years what experiments have been tried and failed, what ideas proved premature! And with this knowledge ever present, how difficult it must be to repress that tendency to mark time in arguing which is the most unpleasant experience of the freshman's first few terms! As an intellectual stimulant there can be nothing better than to submit every opinion and suggestion to the test of exhaustive reasoning, but it is not easy to score a dialectical victory over opponents who have such an armoury of antiquity at their disposal if the efficiency of their weapons be granted without questioning.

The world has heard much of Oxford, but mostly in its social aspects, and, therefore, judges of it too much from one point of view. The social is not the only side of college life; a college, like a school, exists for work, but work is "shop," and in shop there is no interest to the outsider in search of amusement. A school can hardly be judged by what takes place out of school. Students are but schoolboys. A master's opinion of his average pupil is not a high one, nor does the tutor think much of the average undergraduate; but there never was a trade yet that did not complain of the raw materials. Money may take a boy to college, but money alone is not enough. A large number of those that go are the pick of the schools, public and private, who have been accustomed to work and do not lose the habit under the changed conditions, and some of those that are there nowadays are full-grown men, who have made their way out of the crowd, and only with a struggle saved enough to spare the time and pay the fees required for the degree that is expected to give them one more lift on the ladder leading upwards. And these are of all denominations. We still frequently hear the old University spoken of as an exclusively Church of England preserve, whereas it is open to all of every birth and creed who can pass its examinations, and, with the exception of its divinity degrees, offers its prizes and distinctions to all.

The University is, however, one thing and the colleges another. It is by the colleges that the candidates for admission are examined and certified as being likely to derive educational benefit from being members of the University, and the University accepts their certificate. It is the colleges that offer the entrance scholarships, not the University. The colleges do their own teaching, with a view to University honours eventually, but they have their own examinations all the same. The University is the examining body for degrees. To it belong the chief museums, libraries, and laboratories, but it is only a teaching body in a small way as yet, although every year it is advancing in that direction. The science teaching is almost

entirely in its hands, but science is not at present Oxford's strong point; in the teaching of theology, also of law, the University has for some time had a share.

This peculiar isolation of the colleges, each working its own way towards the one end, used to be the great characteristic of the place, but the teaching for honours is now given by the colleges in combination, and an undergraduate is free to attend the lectures at any college he pleases. Every term a "time table" is published of the lectures at the different colleges, and, instead of a man being taught entirely within his own college, he can with his tutor's advice scheme out his work so as to take advantage of what is offered by other colleges around him. It is in the college, however, that he still receives his individual instruction, which forms the most important part of his University education; and the college is usually his home for his first two or three years.

The traveller through Oxford railway station during the second week in October has a great opportunity. "What," he can say—and he very often does say—"have all those young men come here for?" What, indeed! The platform is crowded with them and their luggage—particularly their luggage, which is quite an attractive feature, the beauty and variety of the Oxford portmanteau being notorious.

First impressions would lead him to admit that the University authorities were not without justification in petitioning against the railway on the ground that "the existing means of communication were sufficient, and that greater facilities of communication would be injurious to the discipline of the University." But first impressions may be misleading. The man in the train thinks that all these men—they are all "men," even the youngest—have come to receive a coat of 'Varsity varnish, and to amuse themselves.

But, as a matter of fact, and thanks in a great measure to the throwing open of the scholarships, the majority have come to work—or, perhaps, it would be fairer to say, to end by working—for the days have gone when the ordinary Oxford man returned to his home with no degree or with only a "pass." Nowadays, when the matriculations in a year number 750 or thereabouts, and the men taking honours in the final schools number over 400, the really typical Oxford student is an honour-man and not a "pass-man," although the pass-man may make himself more conspicuous in this annual "platform show," and elsewhere.

Let it not be supposed that this is because the way to honours is easier than it used to be—far from it; the standard of examination is higher. It is because there has been a general waking-up all round. The student is now as much encouraged to become a scholar as a gentleman; and in some cases this encouragement goes so far as to require, e.g. at Balliol and New, that all undergraduates of the college read for honours in one of the final schools. Those, therefore, who have known Oxford only in the summer term, and those who only know it from hearsay, had far better verify their references than confirm their prejudices.

There has been a good deal of building of late, with the result of producing in some cases larger and airier rooms. The small size of the old rooms is apparently one of the surprises of the sightseer, particularly if from America. A representative from the far West came into the Wesley rooms at Lincoln. The sitting-room—where the Holy Club met, and which is now the library—is of really a fair size and passed muster. But the bedroom! "What! John Wesley slept in this cupboard?" "Yes," said the guiding friend, "but he was a small man." "A small man, sir; he was a great man, with a great mind." "Oh," said the other, with some show of annoyance, "it was big enough for the mind when he was asleep!"

To such visitors from afar Oxford is a puzzle. They come to see the University, and there is no tangible university to show them. They find a few scattered buildings, and learn that the University is not a vast college as they expected—although there is a college of that name—but that it is a body to which no one can belong without belonging to some other body, and that the majority of its members do not live in Oxford at all, but have left it after taking a degree, and retain their privileges by merely paying certain dues. They learn that the mere membership of this body gives no voting power; that only the Masters of Arts and Doctors have any share in the government; that these form "Convocation," such of them as are in residence for 140 days of the academical year forming "Congregation," while, after all, the real work of governing is done by the Hebdomadal Council, which, like all the rest, has no power within the college walls, the colleges managing their own property, electing their own officers, looking after their own discipline, and keeping the University proctors outside their gates. The colleges are quite as bewildering to them. They find All Souls with no undergraduates, except four "bible-clerks," Keble with no fellows; Christ Church calling its fellows "senior students"; Mansfield and Unitarian Manchester not officially supposed to have any undergraduates, their men coming in with the non-collegiates, and like them living not in colleges, but in licensed lodging houses, while the non-collegiates can be members of the University and yet have nothing in the shape of a college except a set of lecture-rooms, common room, and library. Some of the colleges they discover to be ruled by Masters, some by Wardens, some by Rectors, some by Provosts, some by Presidents, some by Principals, and one by a Dean. One visitor, searching in vain for something common to them all, consoled himself with the reflection that "most of them had a quadrangle and all of them had a lawn."

To find a quarter of undergraduate Oxford in lodgings scattered all over the city, and practically subject to little restraint beyond that of the University's control of the streets, is also provocative of comment, though lodging-house keepers have to send weekly bills of the hours kept at night. But the reason is obvious enough. The arrangement enables both the college and the man to do more work, for the college can take more students, and the man is less disturbed in his reading at a period

when he can have too much of that society which he has generally come to Oxford to seek. And, of course, the system has its economical advantages, for it requires less expenditure than living in college, particularly in these days when many an unattached student contrives to get through each academical year for £80—fifty guineas being the usual estimate, but that includes neither clothes nor sundries.

Another source of surprise is the way in which the undergraduate is left to choose and conduct his studies for himself. Beyond the unwritten law that Oxford should play during the afternoon and work during the morning and latish at night, compulsion is still of the mildest. The schoolboy, whose every hour has been marked out for him, is apt to run a little wild at first over such liberty, and requires an effort to settle to steady reading. But the knowledge of the examinations, college and University, ahead soon marks out his course, and his tutor is always present with persuasive advice. The pass-man, whose only object is to slip through without discredit, finds that work he must, and the honour-man soon discovers that time is too precious to be wasted, and that unless he puts in his daily average of "six hours' hard labour," he will have little chance of getting out of the crowd. The honour-man of the past is said to have been all head and no shoulders, and to have drunk enormous quantities of hot teetotal drinks; while the pass-man had little head to speak of, and rejoiced in shoulders and liquor of a very different kind. Such types still exist, mostly in the comic papers, but as a rule the shoulders of one category are as broad as those of the other, because the honour-man works as hard at his athletics as he does at his books; in fact, the most remarkable feature in the present phase of Oxford's evolution is not so much the tendency of the pass-man to read as that of the honour-man to recreate—even in the Michaelmas term, when good intentions have their best chance.

"Oxford awakes at half-past seven," such is the order of the day, and there is chapel or roll call at eight. At half-past eight comes breakfast, to finish at nine, and give the "four solid working hours" within which no man is supposed to call on another. Then the lectures are in full swing, and happy is he who has arranged for only two of them and takes them consecutively. From one to two comes luncheon; and after that all reading is surreptitious, for to work indoors after then would be unpardonable unless the weather were wet. An hour's work after tea may be got in by an effort before Hall, but this is exceptional; and after dinner coffee and society at the Union or elsewhere will probably occupy the time till nine, when reading has another turn. Some of the men rise earlier and get in an hour or so's work before breakfast, but that is rarely done except in the summer term, when the rest of the world wakes earlier.

A man priding himself on being practical once went the round of the college kitchens, but beyond a diatribe against waste his observations do not seem to have been recorded. The old buildings were

certainly worth looking at. There is Magdalen, for instance, with its high wooden roof which some say, though there is no authority for it, was the old kitchen of St. John Baptist Hospital, and there before the college; there is St. John's, too, getting on for three hundred years old; and, of course, there is the huge place at Christ Church which, Tudor-like, was the first building completed of Wolsey's foundation. But it is rather to the more modern structures that one would go for an insight into college catering. A subject this of interest if the figures were available. At Christ Church there are about 300 undergraduates on the books, at New there are some 250, at Balliol 230, at Keble 200, and if to these we add the seniors we have a large dinner party which, though nominally held in the hall, in many cases overflows into adjoining rooms. There is no finer sight in Oxford than these halls when laid out for dinner. The places themselves are so spacious and well proportioned—take Magdalen for example, which is one of the most comfortable dining-rooms in the kingdom; Christ Church, one of the grandest of Tudor masterpieces; Wadham with its lofty timber roof; Wren's hall at Queen's; the restored hall of New; the old hall of Brasenose; and the new hall of Balliol. The portraits that decorate them show how large a part the colleges have had in making the history of their country as we find it in the text-books. Faces familiar to us in many an engraving look down from the walls, and by their familiarity stand boldly out from those of the founders and benefactors and college dignitaries. We seem to be among old friends in their old haunts, living as companions of the ancients, our thoughts of the present mingling with the memories of a past that has not entirely left us.

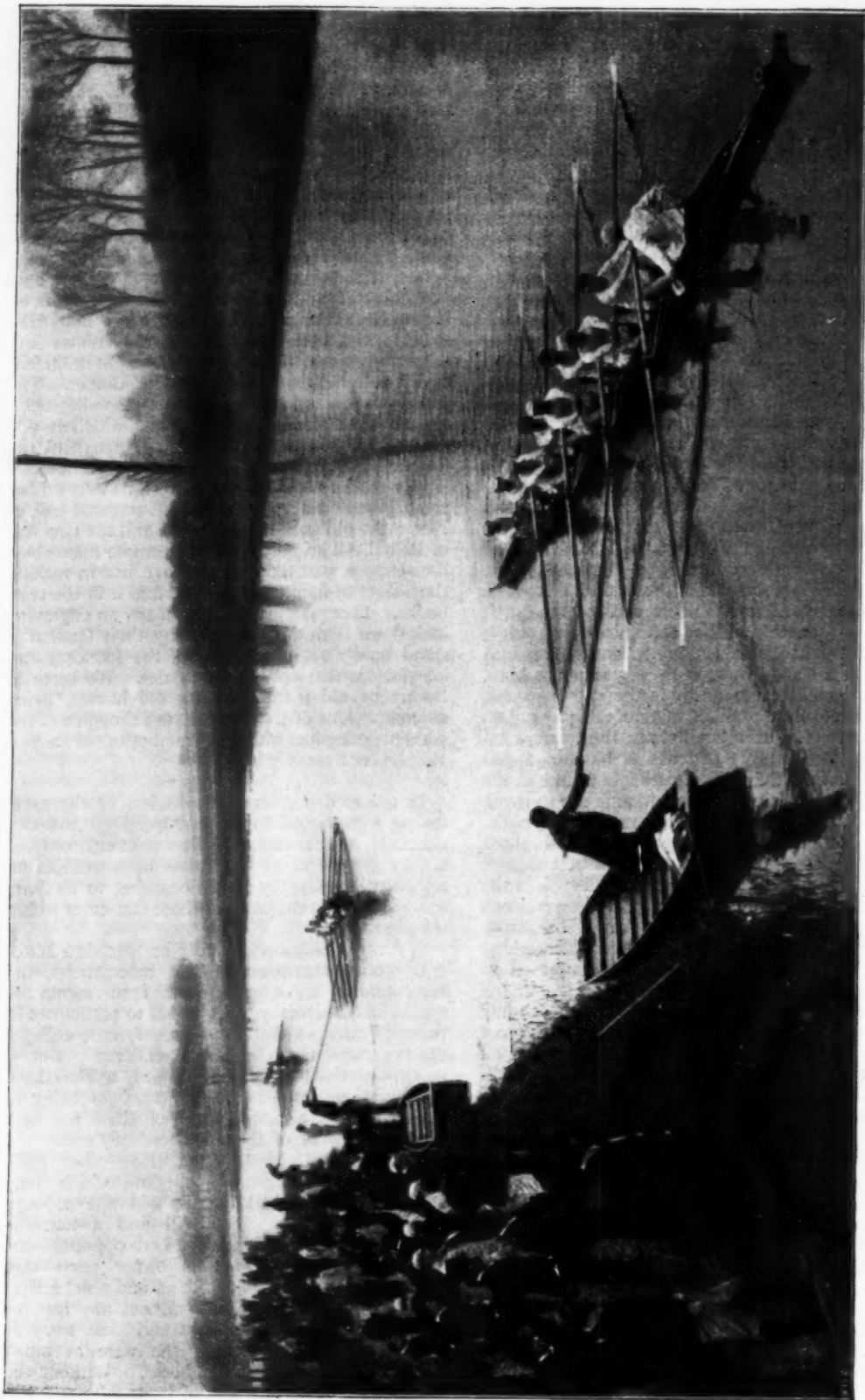
In a less degree one is conscious of the same feeling with regard to the old buildings and city generally, and this mystic influence of environment is so well recognised that it has been used as an argument for lengthy residence owing to its share in moulding the character of those that come within its range.

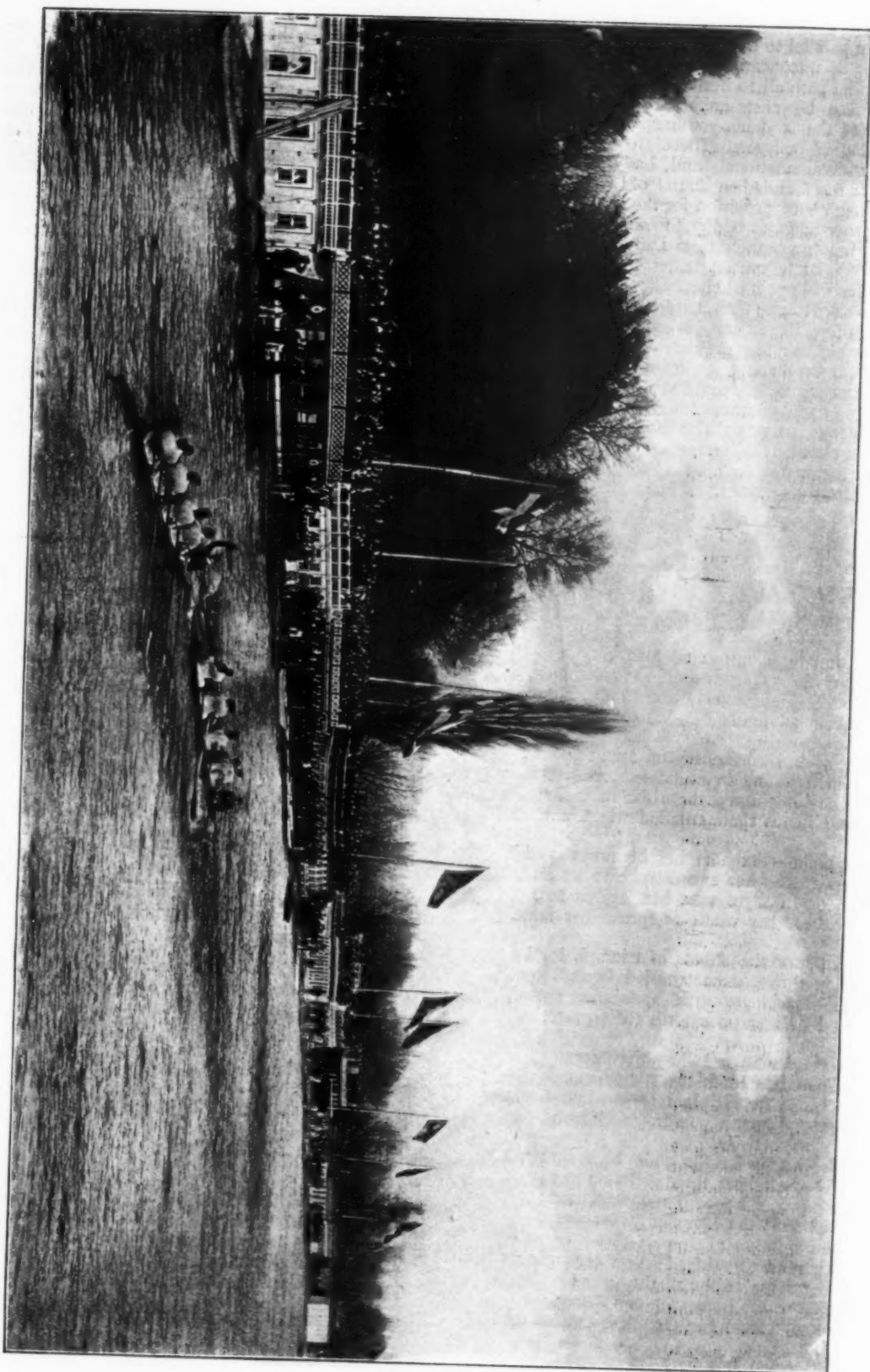
A student's life could hardly be spent in a better educational atmosphere. The associations, the surroundings, the discipline, the amusements are typical of a university town. It is to participate in these advantages that the nonconformist colleges are here, and also the ladies' colleges. But it is curious that the girls at Oxford, unlike those at Cambridge, have no fixed period for being in residence, and although some of them are here three years, some of them are here only one.

The Oxford girl is much like other girls. There is one thing not collegiate which may strike a stranger, and that is, that she rides a bicycle beautifully. You will find a machine standing with its pedal on the kerb opposite some shops, and you will see its owner come out, perhaps with books in one hand and a net full of sundries in the other; and without any fuss, or hop, or jerk, she will mount and glide away as evenly and gracefully as if she were as much accustomed to it as to her boots. Without the ghost of a wobble or a sign of haste, she will slip

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT OF OXFORD.]

"ARE YOU READY?"





ACKNOWLEDGING A DUMP.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TAUNT OF OXFORD.]

along parallel to the tram line, and within an inch of it, as unconcernedly and steadily as if she had a cinder-path all to herself.

These bicyclists are mostly locals. To make sure of the students you must visit them at one of the ladies' colleges. These are Somerville, which is undenominational, and Lady Margaret Hall, which was founded on Church of England principles, "though with provision for the liberty of members of other religious bodies," to which must be added St. Hugh's a branch from Lady Margaret, and St. Hilda's lately started under the auspices of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham. Since the admission of women to the University examinations ten years ago, these have been worked on almost the same principles as the ordinary colleges. There is a general awakening at from seven to half-past, prayers at eight, breakfast at half-past, and four hours of study without interruption until luncheon, from one to two. The afternoon is almost entirely devoted to recreation. After tea there is work again for an hour or so, and at eight there is dinner or supper. Whence it follows that the

Oxford girl, like the Oxford man, works about six hours a day. Instead of two rooms to live in she has one, and the drawing-room takes the place of the junior common room. She plays tennis and cricket of a certain sort, and is not averse to gymnastics; and she even appears on the water, Lady Margaret and Somerville having each a boat on the Cherwell. She passes her first examination, as a rule, before she enters; she has tutors as the men have, and she has lectures; like them she can be "pass" or "honour," the honour-women being in the majority, and, as she is working with a view to be examined by the University, her studies are directed towards that object in the usual Oxford way. She is not admitted into residence until she is eighteen, and her college life, which to her is a period of comparative liberty, ends, in most cases, when she is one or two and twenty. Though she is at the University she is not of it, for her college and halls are not yet "incorporated," and in that respect she is like the men of Mansfield and Manchester.

W. J. GORDON.

The Miliarium.

A RUDDY pile, ungraced by art,
The first of milestones, still it stands,
Of Rome's great empire once the heart
Whence branched its life through many lands;

The symbol of the central might
Which bound in one a subject world,
Her eagles plumed them for their flight,
And hence their dreaded wings unfurled.

O'er plain—o'er hill—her highways sped
Straight as her swordstroke to its aim,
Swift down them were her legions led,
To bear her wrath or spread her fame.

Hark! how the shouts of triumph loud
Ring through the templed forum's space,
While denser grows th' acclaiming crowd,
And palaces pour forth their grace.

O'er yonder Sacred Way they come;
The senate leads the stately march;
The spoils from distant shores borne home
Glitter beneath yon trophied arch.

Meek victims for the gods' high shrine,
The oxen bear their garlands gay;
The captives troop in mournful line;
And see! the laurelled *fascies* sway.

Rend, rend the skies! Yon car upbears
The victor of the mighty war;
All Rome his hour of glory shares;
Sound, sound her deathless empire far!

The laurel crown is on his brow;
Children and friends around him throng;
And, partners of his triumph now,
The serried soldiers raise their song.

Thou hearest not the attendant slave,
Who whispers low the humbling fate
That tracks the bravest to the grave,
And bindeth all or soon or late.

For empires live, though men may die;
The grand succession of their race
May strength and wider fame supply—
New glories time can ne'er efface.

Nay, ask this milestone!—Rome lies prone,
Great Cæsar's halls are rent and bare,
The temple shrines are all o'erthrown,
The forum an explorer's care.

This unity of empire vast,
Whose shadow rests on every land,
Shall lapse as into chaos past,
Its might shall crumble into sand.

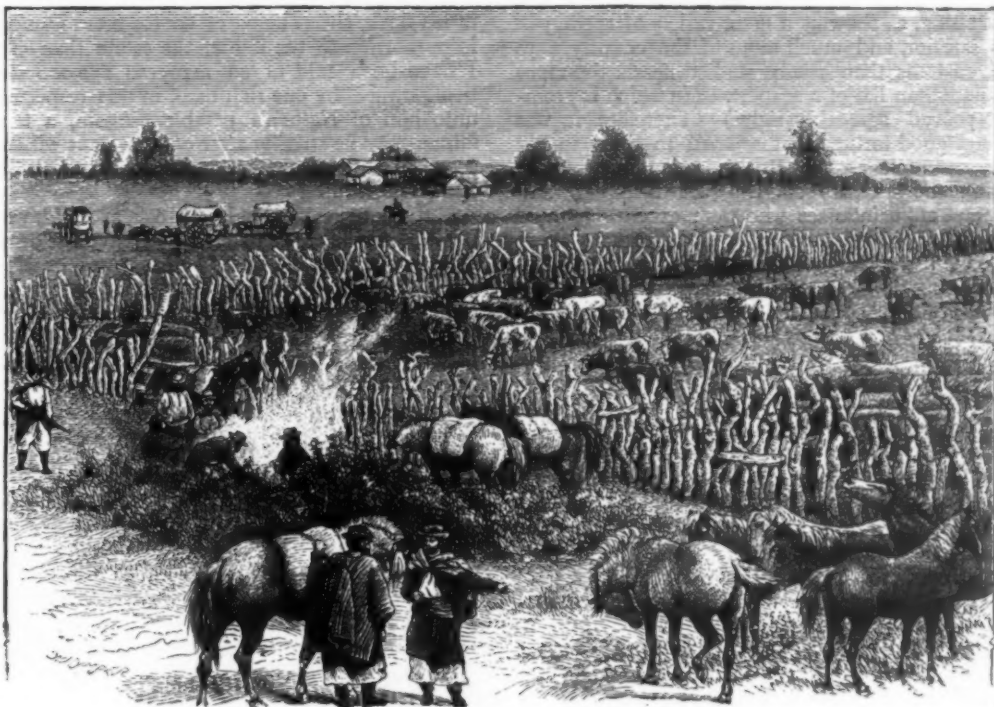
The jarring nations fall apart;
The cities with each other vie,
And street with street, in deadly art;
No house but has its rival cry.

Ruin of ruins! yet 'mid all
Survives the Sovereignty unseen
That holds the world though empires fall,
And shapes what is by what has been.

W. S.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

IV.—THE GRINGO'S DREAM.



A CORRAL.

On the English
Gringo.

A GRINGO! It is a strange-sounding word, but one which soon becomes familiar in the ears of an Englishman arriving in the Argentine republic, for he learns that he himself—in common with the German foreigners here—is a gringo. The term is not precisely respectful, any more than is that of gaucho, which one would hardly use directly, unless in contempt, to any son of the soil of that class which seems born to be everlastingly galloping about, wearing a picturesque but dirty poncho.¹

Time was—and that, as one old resident told me of personal recollection, even only twenty years ago—when the English gringo was so respected here, that the people were accustomed to declare in solemn asseveration, “On the faith of an Englishman.” In those days, recounted my old friend, he could go into any shop, and though personally unknown, should he not carry sufficient money about him for his purchases, it was only necessary to say that he would return and pay. “An English-

man's word is as good as his money,” would be invariably the ready answer.

Now, alas! the Argentine native has learnt by experience that all the British who land on his fertile shore are not of the honest class of old; many have come for the good of their own country, and the extradition treaty is still a new thing.

The English gringo is certainly the chief being in this far-away land in the eyes of those at home. “Try and learn something of our sons' chances and their welfare,” was a charge laid upon me, when leaving home, on behalf of many parents. And no wonder, when one thinks of the many fresh-faced lads whom Mother England sends out year after year to earn their livelihood on the vast grassy pampas, for the most part; and that, if they have grit, by the sweat of their brows. “What kind of life do they lead out there? Is there a fair hope of their all making fortunes? Are they likely to settle down for good and all?” Such were the questions asked me. For letters home are apt to be brief, or perhaps discreetly silent, on details the old folk yearn to know. They long to catch a reflection of the

¹ For the same unknown reason the French are styled *Gabocho*, Spaniards are *Gados*, and the Italians *Bachichas*.

bright hopes of their boys ; to reckon up with these the chances of sweet success or bitter failure. They want to understand what is the gringo's dream.

Now this task seemed to me hard of fulfilment, for my own stay in the Argentine was limited to a few weeks' visit before pushing on to Chili, lest the Cordilleras at the end of April should be impassable from snow. And on this new walk round the world—as one may call it—my mind had long been set, believing the route would be not only quick but interesting, as showing a great variety of scenery in the interior, and much more of the country ways and customs than can be studied nearer the more cosmopolitan life of a seaport. (In which my forecast proved agreeably right.) Therefore it was indeed good fortune that seemed to bring in my way, not only at the British Legation but also during the month's stay on board ship, several pleasant acquaintances who were excellently fitted to give me the information needed. Among these were men who had themselves toiled in the Argentine during the best years of their lives, and won a good position, considerable fortune, and ripe experience.

Of several *estancieros*, or gentlemen farmers, whom I met, one in especial was universally allowed to be one of the very best authorities in the Argentine on farming ; and I will therefore mainly quote his opinions thereupon, as farming is by far the most important occupation for Englishmen here. Also I gladly thank him for the thought and hours so kindly placed at my service in writing down the results of over twenty years' experience, during which he trod most of the ups and downs in the path of toil before attaining to his present position, that of a prosperous landowner.

His creed may be briefly given as follows :

I believe in the future of the Argentine, as one of the finest farming countries in the world ; that stock-producing has been and will continue to be the chief business of the capitalist ; but that wheat-growing will increase ever more and more, and make the fortune of the labourer."

To begin with the stock, then, of which in England we have some vague ideas connected with grassy pampas, lasso throwing, and branding.

As might be expected of a land where the flocks and herds are numerous as those of Laban and Jacob, cattle and sheep are the chief riches of the Argentine Republic ; wool and hides the principal products. The aim, therefore, of every young man coming out to try farming here is to become a part or sole owner of an estancia, which answers to a ranch in some parts of the United States, or perhaps a run in Australia. These estancias vary greatly in size ; some may be a mere square league, while one friend of mine owns at present 80,000 acres ! This he modestly thinks too much for his needs, and hopes to sell some 20,000 acres during the next three years, "if all goes well." As the estancias, so also do the herds upon them vary in size. One poor man may own only a sorry number of 200 beasts ; while his neighbour—but this would be a rare instance

—may glance with swelling pride at a splendid army of 100,000 cattle—a horned multitude !

To gain a fair idea of the prospects and possessions of most Englishmen who are *estancieros* in Argentina, let us take an average owner in illustration. Such an one would possess from 2,000 to 3,000 head of cattle grazing over the pastures surrounding the roof of his new home, which probably looks somewhat like a bungalow. Should his estancia be a sheep farm, however, he would own about 20,000 in his flock, sheep being of course more numerous in proportion to the size of the estate than cattle. I have been told of so many as 150,000 sheep being owned by one rich man, in this respect like unto him of Nathan's parable. Again, a tenant farmer may be striving after contentment with only so small a flock as 1,000, answering to the ewe lamb of Scripture.

But what size, the reader will ask, as I did, would be the estancia of the before-quoted average owner ? Well, most probably about 20,000 acres, or what is commonly called "a three leagues lot." There are a good many holdings of three leagues square, because this was a very frequent size for government originally to sell. And an owner to this amount would be probably well-to-do. He could afford to indulge in the luxury of a manager while he himself took frequent trips home ; nay, he might even spend much of his time in England.

At present the chief breeds of cattle on the Argentine estancias are Herefords and shorthorns, but the shorthorns are by far the more esteemed of these two. It is also noteworthy that the aim, or at least the tendency, of most cattle-owners nowadays is towards improving the quality of their stock rather than increasing their numbers. What becomes of these vast multitudes of cattle ? is the next question. Well, the *saladeros*, of one of which I made mention when describing my first arrival at Buenos Ayres, can answer for the disposal of a great number in the form of tinned meat and beef essences. And the export of hides, as of wool, is very great, the cow-hides exported even in 1841 being reckoned at 3,940,000 in number, while of meat there was in the same year over 62,000 tons sent out of the country. Likewise a trade in live cattle with Brazil is considerable and daily increasing ; whilst with England also it is beginning and showing signs of success. As to sheep, there has always been a large trade in frozen mutton, and apparently will be a still greater one, for this sale is daily increasing.

The amount of labour needed for running such a cattle farm as that of our average owner is small ; to my surprise, my friendly *estanciero* assured me that he found five, or even four, men were quite sufficient to attend to a square league. It was a safe calculation, he considered, that more than ten times as many would be necessary on a wheat farm of the same size. But of wheat and its prospects more anon.

Lastly, the number of horses on this same average estancia might be reckoned at 400. Many of these would be wild—the brood mares, for instance,

The Creed of an Estanciero.

An Average Owner : His Possessions.

Number of Labourers on an Average Estancia.

Number of Horses.



A RODEO IN THE ARGENTINE.

W. H. WOOD

which are never tamed, as also all those foals still too young to be broken in for use.

How a New-comer should best begin. These facts were interesting to me as illustrating the position of many an estanciero who has been "out here" some years and had had luck. But what about the beginners? What is the best advice that a successful man like my informant could give to lads at home eager to make the most of their portions as younger sons, the latter most likely being but a small capital?

The answer was straight and unhesitating.

"This is a splendid country for young fellows who have two thousand pounds or upwards of their own. But there is certainly no good in their coming out without any capital. What is best of all is, that they should go without their money at first and learn experience by hard labour. Let them work, say for two years, at labourers' wages; work with the men but take their meals with the 'bosses.' Then—they can send home for their little fortune, and begin on their own account with a fair chance."

On Premiums for Pupils. The custom of asking premiums with pupils, though a new idea, is already a good deal in vogue here.

Eighty to a hundred pounds for the first year is considered a fair sum to ask until the pupil has *learnt Spanish* and can make himself useful, for a knowledge of Spanish is absolutely essential. True, half the Argentine population and their children may be reckoned as foreigners to the soil, although the children when born here are classed as Argentines; still, Spanish is the one means of communication between all these different European immigrants, and will undoubtedly continue to be the language of the country.

On Life in the Camp. And now a word or two on what the life is like. The conditions of camp life have altered greatly within the last fifteen years, I am told. Formerly one could count the different estancias where the ordinary comforts of existence were to be found, while to-day most people try to live as comfortably and agreeably as is possible under the circumstances. As regards food, the best of meat, also milk, butter, and eggs, are to be had almost for the asking, and vegetables of all kinds can be grown at a trifling cost. Then as to the daily round, it seems to swing on cheerily, according to my friend, who declared that, for a young fellow interested in his business, "camp life is far from a bad one."

Up with, or rather before, the dawn, a cup of tea and some bread and butter follow on the quick task of dressing. Then out of doors at once into the fresh cool air, while the red sun is only preparing to show his face on a level with the hardly aroused earth; for work here begins with sunrise and ends with sunset. Back again to the house at 8 o'clock in summer-time for breakfast; then more work till noon-tide, when the hungry appetites of the Britishers enjoy a heavy lunch. In the long days of hot weather this is generally followed by a siesta, or at all events a rest of a couple of hours, that is very welcome and even necessary. After this the

cup of tea, so dear to the British heart, is a frequent afternoon custom; then once more to work until sundown—that is to say, night in these regions, where the lingering twilight of the north is unknown. As to the indoor life, my friend, himself a bachelor, expressed it from his own point of view with amusing briefness. "It is very much the same as in most of our colonies," he said; "pleasant enough if there are ladies, and wearisome to a degree if there are none!"

Domestic servants in this camp life seem to be one of the chief difficulties. The supply of English servants is small, while the class of Italians and Spanish who emigrate here are seldom clean in their habits. Certainly the Basques earn high praise on all sides, as being excellent in every way, clean and willing. But they can now seldom be persuaded to take service with any but their own countrymen, who almost always thrive, put by savings, and become owners of land and of sheep in a few years, or work in some manner on their own account, either at wire-fencing, brick-making, or other contract labour. On the estancias all the heavy farm work used to be done entirely by Basques twenty years ago; nowadays hardly a labourer of them can be had, to the regret of the owners. But here the law of compensation seems to be once more applied by Dame Nature. For whereas a few years ago none of the natives would dream of fatiguing themselves with any task except such as might be accomplished on horseback, like the duties of herdsmen, yet now these same *peones* are taking the place the Basques used to fill in the country, and make quiet, good labourers. Nevertheless the great bulk of the agricultural work in the Argentine is at present done by Italians, though many French, Swiss, and Germans are also engaged in farming.

The northern Italians are the best and chief colonists in the opinion of two or three of my informants. Upon arriving they proceed to work on a share system until they have gained enough to buy land for themselves. They are sober, live on the most frugal fare, and the supply of them from Italy seems endless. Lastly, wages are at present cheap while the premium on gold remains so high as it is; the paper dollar being only worth from thirteen to fifteen pence, instead of four shillings and sixpence.

On Thistles. What a splendid crop of thistles are to be seen on many of these estancias! Not even Switzerland can boast such specimens, nine to ten feet high, as I saw standing in withered armies, and which must look beautiful when in their glory of purple blossom at midsummer—that is, Christmas. But it is on a smaller thistle, in reality a wild artichoke, that the little batitu, or sand-piper, fattens to toothsome plumpness. Those black oily seeds are also greedily licked up by the sheep, which will grow fat on them in apparently barren ground. It was quite a surprise and pleasure to hear that thistles in the Argentine have found their appointed use in Nature's economy, and are not mere tares of the field. On the contrary, they are highly valued on sheep estancias as a sign of dry land, but more because of the shelter their height and serried

ranks afford the sheep. When the *pampero*—the cutting wind blowing from the South Pole—sweeps over the bleak camp where are no bushes, trees, or hillocks and hollows to afford shelter, the poor sheep come racing to that given by the friendly thistle groves, as we may call these, and cower beneath them. Several of my friends told me that when on horseback they measured these thistles as higher than themselves, and that they had often seen "rides cut through them, as through woods at home."

On Wheat
Farms.

And, now, what of the grain industry? On board ship, as we neared the Argentine shore, it had seemed to me that all the passengers who had a heavy stake in the country "talked wheat," and thought of the harvest. The topic was evidently of absorbing interest, and some of them explained to me the reason why. "Our chief aim in life out in South America is to make our pile; the one great occupation is a scramble for the dollar! And wheat in the last ten years has begun to take an equal place with wool." I was beginning to understand that we were approaching a land where, as regards us English, the various subjects which at home fill men's minds, as politics, church, law, army and navy, and many more, are all reduced to one—that of money-making in a foreign country. This somewhat dull mass of intention is brightened by the fire of family affection when men are married; slightly varied for the others by Sunday-afternoon cricket near towns, and polo-playing in the camp, when neighbours ride great distances to meet each other. "It is our *only* holiday, and we often have no church to go to," was explained in deprecation. Therefore, as wheat-growing is a chief means to this aim of my countrymen, I listened with attention to glowing descriptions of its future in the Argentine.

Ten years ago wheat was brought into the country, now nearly one million tons are exported; nay, a rise soon to a million and a half is confidently looked for. The price is low, yet the wheat area is rapidly increasing, and pasture is being broken up where suitable for wheat. Such land—good freehold land—can be had at from ten shillings to one pound an acre, within two hundred miles of a river port, or seaport. And the speakers triumphantly pointed out to me the natural advantages possessed here over those of a great part of North America. California, they said, sent her wheat round by Cape Horn.

On Lucerne,
or Alfalfa.

These virgin wheat lands can be used from five to ten years; after which they are being laid down with lucerne (called here alfalfa) for permanent pasture, which is, I was assured, as fine as any in the world. Indeed, the enthusiastic praise evoked by the mention of lucerne was infectious, especially when the sight of its green growth rejoiced one's eyes in a dry land, where no water had been for many weeks. On some estancias, such as the B.'s which I before described, several successive crops of alfalfa are taken in the year; but it is mostly grazed, and will last thus from seven to ten years. After this, the land is in splendid condition for the plough to prepare it

for fresh wheat. Lucerne (or alfalfa) hay is now becoming a large trade to Brazil, and some growers are turning their minds to the question of sending it "home," as they simply said; but the freight would be heavy, as, however compressed, there is so much bulk for weight in the hay.

Only twenty years ago these wheat lands were still unoccupied, or in the possession of the Indians. Even ten years ago men were barely beginning to bring them into cultivation. And it was about this same time that owners of estancias still liked to hold large tracts of camp grazed over by an inferior class of wild cattle and sheep. To-day these ideas are changing. Estancieros are learning that true advantage lies in their owning less land, but a better stock. The risk is greatly reduced—and what terrible risks they must run between drought, camp-fires, locusts, and inundations!—while the product is three times as much on the same average, and the taxes fewer.¹

North v.
South.

All this applies chiefly to land in the north of the province of Buenos Ayres, south of Cordoba and the province of Santa Fé. In the south, however, of this great province of Buenos Ayres lies an enormous area of magnificent natural pasture land grazed over by sheep and cattle; and though this could doubtless produce wheat in great quantities, it has not yet attracted colonists to nearly the same extent as the north. Perhaps this is owing to a colder climate and uncertain frosts; but another reason may lie in the fact of emigrants following each other like sheep, and the Italians, who began to colonise in the north, cling closely together.

These cattle estancias are on a bigger scale than the wheat *chacras*; for the latter is the future of the poorer man, but stock raising that of the capitalist. Still, wheat lands, though at first supposed to be of moderate worth, are now found to pay well. Pasture on the contrary was bought, and is at its full interest-producing value.

Besides these lands before-named, the province also of Entre Rios, literally "*Between the rivers*," though till lately much neglected, is said to be well worth attention, and its wheat is of the best quality in the republic. Speaking of these districts, my friend, the prosperous estanciero, emphatically declared: "For any young fellow with from two to five thousand pounds, who will attend to his work—as he would be compelled to do to earn a bare living in any of our English colonies—the Argentine offers facilities far superior to those of any other part of the world at the present time. At least, that is my opinion."

But what of the unstable government? I questioned.

"Well," was the reply, "a Spanish, and therefore I hold a bad, government is a great drawback, though not so serious to the individual as might be supposed.

¹ In Buenos Ayres "the northern camps are mostly high and sometimes visited with drought; more than four million horses, cows, and sheep perished in the drought of 1859. The southern camps are low, and so subject to inundation that, in 1880, the Salado drowned a million sheep and cattle. . . . Locusts are at long intervals a dreadful visitation, destroying crops, fields, trees, and sometimes thatched roofs of houses."—"Handbook of the River Plate."

But, talking of English lads, mark this ! Were the government believed sound, capital would at once flow in streams into the country, and where would the small investor be then ? Even now what good openings there are for large capitalists ! Land in the south of Buenos Ayres can now be bought to let again and return an interest of from five to ten per cent., with the almost certainty, in my belief, that its intrinsic value must increase, as our experience shows these virgin lands keep improving in the quality and quantity of their grasses, and carry proportionately more stock. Then—for any man at home who can afford to wait a few years for his interest, there is land in plenty to be bought to-day that must double in value the moment railway communication reaches it."

There are also other openings than farming for "our boys" to be got here. The banks, railways, gas, electric, water, and telephone companies are all, or nearly so, in English hands, although Italians, French, and Spanish very greatly outnumber us in population. Some other rural industries, such as mills, have been attempted, but were generally failures. This is hardly surprising, as the sanguine would-be millers did not pretend to know their business. Said one informant to me laughing :

"Hitherto it has been a case of the engineer turning to farming ; the blacksmith carpentering ; the farmer railway-contracting."

Which shows that in this comparatively new country the competition has not been keen. Many minor industries are now starting, and ought to succeed under the high import duties. But their starters should have *practical knowledge*. The battle is to the strong !—in health, brains, industry and a fair competence."

The ardour my friends showed in praising this Egypt in which they toil of free-will for the fleshpots—and hard toil it is, and that for a good many years—might have stirred me into an eager belief that this was indeed a land of silver, but that a cold shiver of recollection brought the recent Argentine crisis unpleasantly back to memory ; so I spoke of it.

"Ah, yes !" came reflectively in answer, yet with staunch conviction still. "People at home keep on labouring under a painful impression that our industries are being paralysed, because they know the government is almost worthless. They cannot understand that now is even a safer time to invest money in land than were the country still enjoying the full tide of prosperity. No old resident here would dream of risking his money in a government security ; but in England our friends have not learnt to distinguish between that and the land."

The Outlook. On the whole, therefore, it seemed to be the general opinion that the outlook of the Argentine Republic is good, in spite of the bad government. The country, all my friends declared, has the very finest pastoral and agricultural land in the world ; also emigration from Europe, especially from Italy, continues to flow in, in a steady stream. And so the hopeful spirits anticipate that we may see the Argentine replacing America as the storehouse to provide Europe with meat

and wheat. Already it can compete favourably with Australia and New Zealand, for it is nearer England and its land is cheaper.

A Word of Warning !

These statements were made to me without reserve ; but while repeating them I emphatically disclaim further responsibility. Too many Englishmen have already sown their gold in this land and reaped failure !

The Gringo's Leading Thought,

When all the foregoing has been said, there still remains to know how and where the English gringo hopes to enjoy his money when he has made it. Perhaps a conversation between two old gringos and an inquiring mind, at which I assisted, may briefly illustrate this.

Inquirer (meditatively asking) : "But what is the end to all this toil ? Money is merely a means. Is it to settle down on a big estancia, to call the land by your name, and leave it to your children ?"

Both gringos (speaking together) : "Certainly not. It is to get out as quickly as possible. Make our money—and leave the country."

Inquirer (in some surprise) : "Why ?"

Pro : "Because, simply, the conditions of life are disagreeable."

Con. : "All rubbish ! He is ungrateful and hard to please. Still (*musingly*), although I can't quite say why, it is true."

Inquirer : "What is true, please ?"

Con. : "That nobody makes a home, except some few whose fathers were shepherds, or working men, and who know nothing of English life. No one says, 'I shall end my days here, please God, for it is a good country for my children to spend their lives in'—as they do, say, in New Zealand. The English colony is composed of exiles—and a few birds of passage. We pass our days working to get home."

Pro : "It is all on account of the wretched government. One can't alter that, unless we get our wish, and the foreigner has a vote without losing his own status as an Englishman."

Con. : "Yes, but the Italians are more numerous than we are, and they don't want one ! All they want is to get home with enough money to buy a little land in Italy—that is their dream. I think them dishonest and selfish."

Pro : "We are all selfish. At least they are sober and hardworking."

Inquirer : "But in what way does the government annoy you ?"

Both gringos (in eager alternate sentences) : "In a hundred ways, besides the sense of insecurity. For instance, in the camp, what between *alcaldes*, *comisarios*, and one petty official after another, one cannot do anything without leave—not so much as sell a cow to a friend without a stamp. It is all *papel sellado*, stamped paper. And these small tyrants have it in their power to be so intensely disagreeable to any neighbour who offends them that his existence in camp can be made a burden. He will be warned that his wire fences are out of order, refused permission to make certain improvements, and generally worried."

Inquirer : "And what is the attitude of the Argentines themselves towards foreigners ?"

Pro : "On the whole it is good. They know

that Italian labour and English gold are the making of the country. Some few small papers snap in a curish way at the fat dividends of the gringos, but they are not worth consideration."

Inquirer: "The Indian element does not apparently need to be reckoned with?"

Con.: "No, the aborigines are fast dying out, or being driven north or south. You will see some still in the army. They will soon only partly survive in the gauchos, or three-quarter breeds, who are our camp lower strata, and the peones, who are the lowest."

Climate and
Scenery.

It is cheering to remember that if our self-exiled gringos lead often solitary lives, theirs is at least a healthy existence. In a country 2,300 miles long, stretching from Bolivia to Tierra del Fuego, the southern provinces will naturally be cold, and part of the northern ones almost tropical. But if the summers from December to March are hotter than those in Northern Europe, the winter season is invigorating, although snow only falls in the south and on the Andes. Imagine a country as big as Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, and part of Germany! Naturally, it is as varied in climate as diversified in features. There are the vast grassy pampas of Buenos Ayres, south and west, where a man standing on the ground will see as far and freely to the ring of the horizon as if he were in a boat at sea, the sea of grass being as devoid of tree or bush for miles round as the sea of salt water. Again, the various forests in the Gran Chaco cover some 60,000 square miles, the hunting grounds of the surrounding Indians, and are infested with pumas and jaguars (or lions and tigers, as they are here called), as well as deer, wild horses, and pigs, ant-bears, antelope, and ostriches. And friends told me of visits to pleasant estancias in other districts, where their rides seemed to be through English scenery—thorn brakes and dimpled hills and dells. Civilisation, through its handmaiden agriculture, is also even now perceptibly altering the Argentine climate—and for the better. One estanciero assured me that not only did the planting of gum-trees attract rain, but that in his belief—perhaps a mistaken one—the breaking up of pasture did so likewise. A friend of his tried wheat, against warnings, in a dry district. Some rain fell, and he was cheered by the result, so, although the neighbours jeered, he sowed still more wheat next year. Proportionately more rain fell, and since then for some years he has been successful. During my brief stay some of the newspapers noticed the infrequency of violent dust storms and rain storms compared with those which played havoc formerly.

Horse Exercise
for all.

Besides much sunshine, there is another pleasure in Argentine life, especially dear to Englishmen—that of riding. In camp a man may gallop from morning till night, using almost as many horses as he pleases; while even in town this delight can refresh the jaded toilers before or after office hours. Where else in the world—excepting Chili—can clerks in banks or mercantile houses buy capital hacks for

£5 to £10, and keep them at about fifteen dollars a month?

Successes and
Failures.

One hears strange stories here of successes and failures, one among which was specially striking, of the rival fates of four men. Some land which two friends had bought near a river mouth for £2,000 turned out to be the very site needed for a port, and they soon sold it to a couple of speculators in the time of the "boom" for £200,000! The buyers gave £160,000 in cash with a mortgage for the remainder. Then came the Argentine crisis. The port remained unfinished; the two speculators found themselves unable to pay the remainder of their debt and were ruined, while the original owners are living in Europe—rich. Again, the estanciero once before mentioned as owning 80,000 acres had made a good fortune, and gone home to settle down in an estate in England before the golden days of the boom. After the crisis, when he learnt by letters from his manager that his cows could only be sold at ten shillings each instead of from £3 to £4, he promptly returned with his family, and again settled down to life in the camp.

"I have lost £40,000, yet I still believe in the Argentine as the country of the future," he declared to me hopefully. Then, unconsciously echoing other speakers whom I have quoted, he added, "Only wait until the foreigner gets a vote without losing his own status, and all will be well. The radical party are already willing for this—they may yet carry it through."

Rodeos.

The great excitement of the cattle farms are the *rodeos*, a term used when the stock is enclosed for the purposes of dividing and branding them. One heard much of the dangerous delight in these scenes, when all on-lookers must be on the watch to gallop out of the way of a bull's mad rush; even amateurs sometimes share the day's hot and dusty joys "of rounding up" the cattle, to be lassoed by dexterous hands, flung down in the corral and thereby stunned to powerlessness. These sights I could not stay to see, the autumn was too far advanced; but in Chili there might be chances of seeing the same thing on some of the great *haciendas*.

So, with this chapter, we may take leave of the Argentine gringos, hoping many of them may be able to retire having made the fifteen hundred to two thousand a year that appears to be the average fortune which most hope to realise. Of these fairly lucky men the pleasant suburbs of Greater London know several groups; friends who, having been old neighbours in the Argentine, have settled down at home near each other, thus wisely avoiding any first feeling of loneliness on returning, and of having lost touch with people in England during long years of absence. Several of these one heard discussed. Some missed their work, it was said, and made meals their only milestones in the idle days, when "they did not know, poor old chaps! what to do with themselves." Others, again, who had never ceased to cultivate congenial pursuits and hobbies in the money-making time—

whether gardening, astronomy, turning at a lathe, or so forth—were as happy as possible.

As I write this in Chili, three months after my stay in the Argentine, the following legend has been told me as the traditional origin of that puzzling word "gringo." Two Englishmen, this sets forth, were riding years ago up to Santiago in days when Englishmen were less well known than now. And as they rode on their way they sang: "Green grow

the rushes, O!" whereupon *Greengoes*—for an more or less matters little to huasso's or gaucho's ear—the natives called them, this being the pronunciation of gringos. So, if this tale be true, these same young men must have crossed, still singing, over the Cordilleras, by the Uspallata pass, and so down by smiling Mendoza town with its rushing brooks and green trees, and over the great pampa stretching away for leagues, even to Buenos Ayres port on the wide La Plata.

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THE PANCAKE GREASE AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

THERE is an old custom every Shrove Tuesday at Westminster School, which goes by the name of "The Pancake Grease."

At a quarter to one o'clock all the boys assemble in the big schoolroom and seat themselves down eachside of it, excepting a chosen group, composed of one boy from each form; these last stand in the centre. After a few minutes the cook of the College, dressed in white, enters, holding a frying-pan containing a very tough pancake, and preceded by one of the vergers of the Abbey bearing a silver wand. The cook takes up his position behind the group of boys and tosses the pancake out of the frying-pan high over their heads, so that it falls some way in front of them. The boys make a rush and fight desperately for

the pancake as it falls, everybody falling over everybody else; and the one who succeeds in getting it, unbroken, is escorted by the verger to the Dean of Westminster, who presents him with a guinea. If the cook, in throwing the pancake, manages to send it over one of the beams in the roof, he also claims a guinea from the Dean—if he sends it over two beams, two guineas, and so on according to the number of beams he may succeed in crossing with the pancake. Happily for the Dean the cooks are not always remarkably good throwers. In former times the whole school took part in the *mêlée*; then they stood facing the cook and came to meet the pancake. This was more exciting, but decidedly riotous. Our illustration is based on the sketch of an old Westminster boy.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

IN my bookstall perambulations I am rather fond of sampling the "Annals" and "Keepsakes" which find their way into the fourpenny, or even the twopenny, box. They are generally rubbish, but occasionally one comes upon something interesting. For instance, in turning over the pages of "The Amulet" for 1834 I discovered the earliest printed appearance of Leigh Hunt's beautiful poem "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel," containing two or three small variations from the current text. In line 13 the "cheerly" of the original has given place to "cheerly" without the apostrophe, a rare adverb, though it occurs in a very familiar poem, the Hon. W. R. Spencer's "Beth Gelert," where the second line runs

"And cheerly smiled the morn."

In the next line of Hunt's poem,

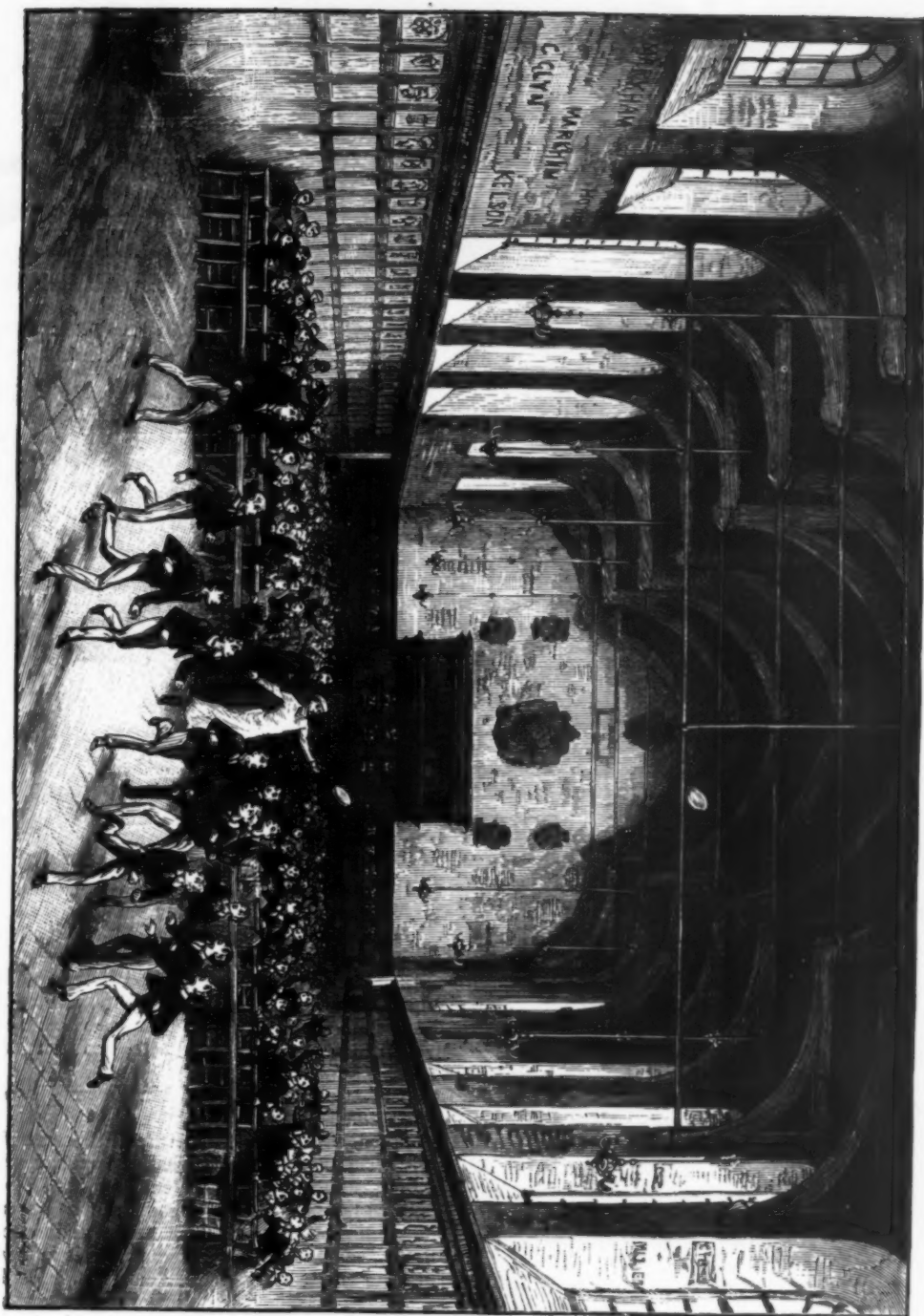
"Write me for one who loves his fellow men"

has been altered in revision to "Write me as one"—an obvious change for the better. The most obvious variation is, however, in the name of the hero, who appears in the "Amulet" not as "Abou" but as "Abon." As, however, Abou is the name given in D'Herbert's "Bibliothèque Orientale," from which Hunt got the story, the "Abon" is evidently a mere misprint.

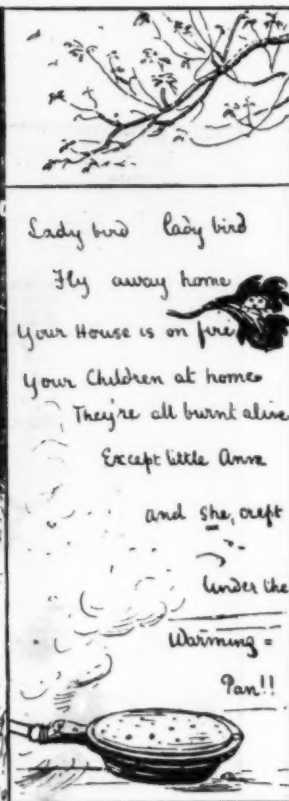
Another "find" of the same order was "Friendship's Offering" for 1837, containing some early verse and prose by J. R. (John Ruskin), whose eighteenth birthday occurred in that year. The very sentimental and feeble verses "A Last Smile" have been reprinted in the collected "Poems," but the prose contribution, "Leoni; a Legend of Italy," is still buried. And yet, crude as it undoubtedly is, it is more interesting than the poetry, for it was in part a prophecy of what was to come:

"O calmly, brightly, beautifully rose the morning out of the eastern sea, and widely spread the rosy dawn over the deep! Gloriously the radiance stole up into the high heaven, where the white clouds waved their light wings in the deepness of the infinite blue, and looked out eastward, rejoicing as they met the morning breeze that sprang upward from its repose in the grove of silver olives. And the sun lifted his head majestically out of the sea, and the mists passed away before his glance from its surface, and the waves rolled onward, singing, with sweet low voices, and a long golden path was thrown upon them even to the shore."

Surely here is an anticipation of the majestic cadences of "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice"; and the obvious moral is this: When rummaging in the fourpenny box, do not ignore the annals.—J. A. N.



TOSsing THE PANCAKE IN WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.



A COMMITTEE OF THE WHOLE HOUSE.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE INCOME.

WHEN the time arrived for the Speaker of the Home Parliament to open the debate on the Management of the Income, it was found that, contrary to his custom heretofore, Mr. Brown intended to make a few introductory remarks. He modestly explained, however, that he wished to speak because he felt the subject of the evening to be of paramount importance. He then went on to say:

"I believe that at the present time there are thousands of persons who are worried, discontented, and miserable, who might be quietly contented and happy if only they were free of money troubles; but being in a perpetual condition of impecuniosity, life for them is scarcely worth living. Their condition is the more hopeless because in their inmost hearts they know that matters would not be very much improved if the amount at their disposal were larger than it is. Their misfortune is not so much that their means are insufficient, as that they have not the gift of management. If their means were to increase, their supposed needs would inevitably increase also, and in a very short time they would be as far as ever from managing their incomes

successfully. All this is very pitiable. People are in duty bound to manage their incomes. Failing to do this, they may be said to fail in everything, because they are hampered, and never feel free to do as they would. It is because the subject is thus important that I am glad we are to talk about it together, for we may be able to give hints to each other that will be helpful."

As Mr. Brown sat down Mr. Edward Jones rose. He said:

"The Speaker of our Home Parliament is perfectly right when he says that the management of the income is an important subject. It would indeed be difficult to mention one that has a more immediate and marked influence upon the daily life of average folks. Important as it is, however, the majority of people fail to master it. For I think we may take it for granted that we are all hard up at times, and our friends and acquaintances are so also. It was a saying of Poor Richard's that no one is as well off as he is thought to be, and it does not at all follow that because people 'keep up a good appearance,' therefore they are wealthy. Yet it certainly is the case that the better appearance

a man makes, the greater are the claims upon him. How often it happens that when men of position, who have been said to be comfortably off, die, their families are left unprovided for. This is very hard on the family. The father would have been far kinder to them if he had accustomed them to a homelier style of living, or put them in the way of making their own. If our talk together to-night does nothing but make some of us realise our duty with regard to money, it will be worth while having had it.

"When people fail to manage their income and get into money difficulties, there are two ways of setting themselves right. One is to augment the supplies by extending their business, or adopting expedients for getting more money; the other is to rearrange their expenditure so that their incomes shall overlap their outgoings. I take it, Mr. Speaker, that to-night we are concerned only with the last of these two methods? Am I justified in supposing that now and here we have nothing to do with suggestions for managing the income by increasing it, but only with suggestions for managing the income by making it do? I ask for information."

"Our subject is the management of the income, from the point of view of making what we have do," said Mr. Brown. As he spoke Mr. Smith caught the Speaker's eye, and at once took up the debate.

"We have been told to-night," he said, "that the majority of people are hard up, although it would perhaps be more correct to say that the majority of people have less money than they would like to have. We have heard, too, of men supposed to be well off who have 'made a good appearance,' yet at their death their families have been left penniless. The one statement helps us to understand the other. It is the miserable attempt to keep up appearances that stands in the way of the management of the income. If only we would give up display, cease to vie with our neighbours, be willing to live simply, and seem to be what we are, numbers might be comfortable and at ease where now they are harassed and unhappy. Simplicity is the thing to aim at. Let us return to simpler ways of living and give up all pretence, and we shall get on well enough."

"Mr. Smith's remarks are very excellent, without doubt," said Mrs. Saunders, who was the next speaker, "but I hardly think that he is at the centre of the situation. The moral censors of the press and of society are always telling unhappy English householders that they are sacrificing independence and the respect of the wise and good for the sake of appearances, and that they ought to try and live simply. I am a practical woman, and I say plainly that it is not as easy to live simply as some people think. Take, for instance, the case of the average professional man—the doctor, or lawyer. In order to keep up appearances he lives in a good house in a good neighbourhood, and keeps two or three servants, and sometimes he is hardly put to it to pay his way. If he were to disregard appearances entirely he would move into a cheap house, only to be had in a poor neighbourhood, live

very plainly, and put up with one maid-of-all-work. We all know that he would not better himself by making this change; he would simply have lost his position, and with his position a large part of his income would vanish. The truth is that with many 'appearance' is part of their stock-in-trade. They are compelled to adopt a certain style of living or else they would lose their means of livelihood. They seem to be what they are not, because they cannot help themselves. They are by no means as pretentious and foolish as their critics make them out to be, but they live as they do because they cannot afford to do as they would; they simply cannot live without making some sort of a show. Persons thus circumstanced are in a great strait, and I pity them with all my heart. For them at any rate simplicity of living is not the secret of good management."

Kitty Brown was the next speaker. She said: "There is another thing to be said from Mrs. Saunders' point of view. It is not only not easy to live simply, it is also not always cheap to do so. With simplicity refinement is associated, but with cheapness go coarseness and ugliness. 'Cheap and nasty' has passed into a proverb. A simple dress that is well made, pretty, and fits well is sure to be very expensive, and simple as distinguished from common material is usually costly. Plain furniture well made costs twice as much as vulgar gorgeous furniture that is badly made, and from all we hear good plain cookery is a most difficult thing to get. I can imagine that when the mighty of the land get away from the public eye they are delighted to be simple. I was told the other day, and I believe the story to be true, that one of the wealthiest men in the world, when he escapes from the crowd, is accustomed to buy a chop for himself at the butcher's, have it wrapped in paper, and carry it off to be cooked for his dinner, and he enjoys a scrap meal of this sort exceedingly. Yet in the ordinary way he is compelled to fare sumptuously. If we were all millionaires we might live simply, and perhaps then we should be much happier. But, as things are at present, simple living is almost unattainable. We are all obliged to do as our neighbours do."

Uncle Gregory broke in at this point. "If we were all millionaires you think we might be happier than we are, do you, Miss Kitty? You will perhaps be astonished when I tell you that my experience in business has brought me into close contact with several exceptionally rich people, and I have almost come to the opinion that extremely rich people are never happy. It seems as though a sort of fatality of misfortune accompanied extreme wealth. Whenever you hear it said that a man is very rich, you may be sure the next word said about him will be a 'but.' The inspired writer was quite right when he said, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' The people who are most to be envied are those who have a 'competence'—who can indulge their tastes, who can afford to be liberal and free, and to have liberal ways of thinking, and who have no anxiety about either to-day, to-morrow, or the day after that. Yet even here we come face to face with a difficulty, for who shall say what a 'competence' is?"

"A few days ago I was talking with a young man who said, 'My position is made; I have nothing to gain by making a change; I have everything that I want.' Soon I discovered that he was in the receipt of an income of £300 a year, but had been accustomed to manage on half that sum. A few hours later I met another man who was in the depths of despondency, and regarded himself as a most unfortunate individual. He said he had only £600 a year, and had been accustomed to have £4,000. There is no doubt which of these two men possessed a competence. The one with the smaller income was certainly the richer of the two. If I were called upon to say what a competence was, I should define it as a sufficiency to enable a man to live from day to day in freedom and independence as he had been accustomed to live, with enough money put away to enable him to maintain the same conditions when no longer able to work. Yet, if my definition is a true one, the term 'simple living' is exceedingly vague. What would be simplicity for one man would be luxury for another. And where are we to draw the line?"

Dr. Anstey now rose. He said, "Surely Mr. Gregory Brown spoke too strongly when he told us that extreme riches and happiness *never* go together. It is quite likely that *frequently* they do not; indeed, I confess that, in the course of my practice as a doctor, I have met with one or two very wealthy men who late in life have gone out of their minds, thinking they were poor. Yet we all agree that happiness is the result of character. It would be as ridiculous to say that a millionaire could never be happy as it would be to say that a very poor man could not be happy; whereas it is the fact that happiness is not dependent on surroundings and conditions: it is a thing of the spirit.

"I suppose we all agree that, in order to make money go far, we need to cultivate the virtue of thrift. As a people we English are too extravagant. We are in the habit of letting things slide. We allow waste to occur in our homes. It is notorious that a French housekeeper would keep house handsomely on the food that is wasted in an English kitchen. We are frequently told that English ladies are lavish in their use of money; that they spend too much on dress, and do not practise economy in the household. Personally, however, I should say that the charge was unfounded. I always feel that it is a little too bad of men to lay the blame of their money difficulties on their wives, especially as I have noticed that the men who do it most loudly are the very persons who are rather given to self-indulgence, whilst their women folk usually have a very bad time. Putting that question aside, however, there is no doubt that we all need to mend our ways with regard to money. We ought to regard money as a trust; when so many of our fellow creatures are deprived of good things because they are short of it, those who have it have no right to regard it as absolutely their own to misuse or use according to the fancy of the moment. I maintain that it is not true to say that the spirit of Christianity is opposed to the growth of wealth; but it is opposed to a man's regarding it as his own.

"If our children were educated to lay out money wisely, it would be an excellent thing for the next generation. Altogether, we need to look upon the subject of the management of money more seriously than we have done—more as a question of honesty, and less as a question of luck. If this could be done, fewer people would lose their way."

Maud Brown now looked as if she would like to speak. Her father smiled encouragingly, so she proceeded:

"Dr. Anstey says young people ought to be trained to spend money wisely. Would it not be well to let them have money of their own to spend. Father's and mother's plan with us children has been capital, I think, and many of my friends say they wish their fathers and mothers would do the same thing. Since we were quite small we have been allowed to earn money by doing something special, for which we were paid. We could leave it if we liked, but then we were not paid. But anyway, mother has always said that we must keep account of whatever money we received and spent. We could spend our money as we wished, only we had to write down in an account-book what articles we bought, and say how much we paid for them, and we had to make the accounts even every week or pay a fine. When we were quite young and foolish we used to spend all our money in sweeties, and mother let us do it; only she made us write it down, and very soon we got into the way of saving to buy something we wanted very much. So you see, Dr. Anstey, some parents already try to teach their children to manage money."

"And very excellent their plan is," said Mrs. Edward Jones. "I wish all parents were equally wise. But I am afraid grown-up people do not remember that children have their wants as well as their elders, and that somehow or other these small wants have to be met. Now and again I have heard children say, 'I want so and so; I must get it out of father.' If father refuses to give, they think him 'cross'; if he gives whenever he is asked, the children have had a lesson in extravagance. A little girl I know went to a friend of her father's, a gentleman who came to the house, and said, 'I wish you would buy me a bonnet for my doll.' 'Certainly, my dear,' said the gentleman. 'Come with me to the shop, and you shall choose it yourself.' Then the girl went to her father and kissed him, and said, 'Dear father, won't you buy me a doll for my bonnet?' 'Where is the bonnet?' said her father; 'have you not got a doll for it?' And he bought the doll. The child was clever; but she was not quite honest. When the father heard what she had done, he laughed and said she would make her way in the world. Her mother, however, was annoyed that she had asked a visitor to give her money.

"I have been astonished that some of our friends have not spoken of the aid to the management of the income which can be obtained from keeping an accurate account of money received and money spent. Maud has been the first to mention accounts. Yet I do not believe it is possible to exaggerate the assistance which may be gained in this way. Sometimes people say, 'Where is the good of keeping accounts? If I

am as economical as ever I can be, and never spend a penny that I can avoid spending, where is the use of my troubling to write the fact in a book.' These friends forget, however, that true economy and effectual management of money consist quite as much in wise spending as in saving. Accurately and carefully kept accounts enable the spender to keep a check on herself, and to see her own doings from the outside, as if she were some one else. The people who have little money to spend are not by any means those who spend the money most judiciously. On the contrary, they too frequently waste the little they have. If they would begin at once and keep a strict record of the details, both of their receipts and expenditure, and would compare these records with each other from time to time, they would very likely become acquainted with facts which would astonish them."

"Keeping accounts is useful, no doubt," said Miss Saunders, who rose as Mrs. Jones resumed her seat. "To my mind, however, one great secret of managing the income is to pay ready money for what you get. 'Pay as you go, and do not go until you have paid,' is an excellent motto; for is it not the people who take credit who get into difficulty most wofully? Economy is largely made up of wise spending, Mrs. Jones tells us; but in saying that, does she not mean the wise spending of the money we have, not of that which we expect to have? If, before people go shopping, they would determine what they want, and how much they want, find out how much they can afford to spend, and then spend less if they like, but never more, they would be saved much anxiety."

"All the authorities agree that to live on credit is a mistake. Those who do so, do it in the hope that in the future they will be better off than they are at present; but this is dangerous ground to venture on. Those who have a fixed income are very foolish to build castles in the air of this kind, because it is the tendency of the times for the value of property to decrease rather than to increase, and they may be sure that as time goes on, and they grow older, the claims upon them will become more numerous rather than less so. Those who have no fixed income, whose prospects are uncertain, are still more foolish to hamper themselves thus; it is as if they wished to mount a steep hill, and started to run down it. They have no need to run down at all, yet, having once started, the chances are that they will gradually go more and more quickly until they reach the bottom, which in their case will mean ruin."

"Ready-money payments lend to the management of the income, because people who pay cash down are frequently deterred from buying trifles which they might be tempted to buy if they had not to be paid for on the spot. Yet the purchase of little things runs into a great deal of money. People who are in the habit of paying as they go are sure to realise the fact when they are 'hard up,' and it is astonishing how this knowledge will show them what it is possible to do without. Then, too, ready-money payments are generally accurate payments, or, at any rate, they may easily be made so; but with long-standing bills the pur-

chaser never knows where he is. Pay as you go, and you can deny yourself what is less worth having for the sake of having what is more worth having; but those who live on credit seldom make calculations of the kind."

At this point the Speaker's bell sounded, and Miss Saunders was obliged to sit down.

Miss Rogers at once rose. She said: "I should like to take a part in the debate this evening, if it is only that I may have the opportunity to thank Dr. Anstey for the way in which he spoke about the extravagance of women. There are, I am sure, large numbers of people who think themselves just and fair, who yet never think of doubting that money troubles are chiefly brought about by women. I believe this to be an entire mistake. There are extravagant women in the world, of course—no one with sense would think of denying the fact; but I maintain that, on the whole, women are more economical than men. From the very habit of their lives they are accustomed to be more particular about details, and they are not ashamed, as men often are, to be careful about small things. When women spend money in dress, it is generally their husbands who incite them to it by saying, 'Why don't you get a dress like Mrs. So-and-so's?' or something of the kind; and the very men who blame women for extravagance are in the habit of spending freely in cigars and wine, and other things of the sort. If a woman sees that her husband likes her to be handsomely dressed, she spends freely enough, for it is natural that a woman should like her husband to admire her, and also she prefers to look well and pretty. But if a husband explains to his wife that he wants to save, and convinces her that economy is necessary, the wife would save more resolutely than the husband would. Therefore I say the men are very ungenerous who lay the blame of extravagance on women, and I am particularly obliged to Dr. Anstey for not joining in the foolish cry."

As Miss Rogers concluded, Dr. Anstey bowed, and looked exceedingly pleased. Then Mrs. Brown arose. She said:

"The discussion this evening has been very enjoyable to listen to, but I cannot but think most of our friends have pursued the course which is so often followed by people who talk about the management of money—that is, they have gone off on side issues. It is interesting certainly to hear that some folks are obliged to keep up appearances, and there is perhaps a sort of grim consolation for those of us who are poor to be gained from the fact that millionaires are generally unhappy. But all this does not help us to the knowledge of how to manage our incomes. Valuable hints have been given, too, about paying ready money and being thrifty, but even these have not gone to the root of the matter. To my mind, however, the whole secret of the management of money can be stated in a short, well-known sentence, namely, 'Cut your coat according to your cloth.' If people would but be persuaded to calculate at regular and short intervals what are the resources at their disposal, and then portion them out so that all needs shall be supplied in due

proportion, there would be no difficulty at all, and money troubles would cease to exist.

"If we think a moment, we shall see that this is the course pursued by the Government, which is neither more nor less than the national house-keeper. At certain periods the Chancellor of the Exchequer brings in his Budget—that is, his statement of the nation's liabilities, income, and expectations. If there is likely to be a deficiency, he makes a plan for defraying it; he tries to calculate what his expenses will be, and arranges how to meet them. This is the sensible thing to do. Why should not private individuals act in the same way—draw up a budget yearly, monthly, or weekly? Only they must take care to provide a sufficient margin for the unforeseen, and cut the coat according to the cloth, and all will be well. Then keep accounts, and adopt any expedients that are available for checking expense; but if people would draw up a budget regularly, and regulate their expenses by it, they would manage their income with the greatest ease."

Mrs. Smith now rose: "From an experience of many years I can cordially endorse Mrs. Brown's advice. 'Cut your coat according to your cloth, and measure your cloth before you begin to cut'; that is the plan to adopt. Different people, however, would proceed differently to draw up the budget; and we have to remember that it is much easier for those who have a fixed income—as from a salary or dividends—to 'measure their cloth' than it is for those who have an uncertain income. Still, it is for the most part possible for people to get an approximate idea of what they will be safe in spending; and the more precarious the amount, the more desirable it is to be well within the mark. But very early in the proceedings, the decision must be made as to the amount that is to be saved. It is said that people who intend to get on never spend more than half their income, no matter how small it is; if they have sixpence a day, they live on threepence, and save threepence. Others consider themselves fairly thrifty if they insure their lives. The amount to be saved, however, each one must decide for himself. The chief danger consists in letting things slide. The probability is that if people draw up a budget, and deliberately consider how much ought to be saved, they will scarcely let the subject of saving go to the wall.

"As to the method to be adopted in drawing up a budget, if my friends will allow me to do so, I will tell them ours. First we put down the amounts that *must* be spent, such as house rent (if rent is paid), rates, taxes, and similar items. Then we state how much is to be saved, and having fixed the sum after reasonable consideration, we regard the amount to be saved as an obligation to be met as surely as the rate has to be paid. Afterwards we make an estimate of expenses that can be controlled, such as living expenses, servants' wages, holidays, clothing, &c., &c. In this estimate we try to include every item that we can remember that is likely to arise, and we endeavour to make the amounts liberal rather than the reverse, because we know from experience that our needs are much more likely to be underrated than to be overrated. Having put down every detail that we can call to

mind, we go over our budget several times, try to give every requirement its due proportion, and modify it according to the necessities of the case. It is scarcely necessary to say that in doing this we generally discover that we have to go without certain things we should like to have, and we have to make up our minds to deny ourselves; but at any rate we can make choice of denials; we never find ourselves in a corner. It is far better to know from the beginning that retrenchment is necessary, than it is to be met with unpaid bills when the purse is empty, and we have no more money at our disposal."

Mrs. Smith had by this time lost all hesitation in speaking, and had become quite eloquent. She therefore looked astonished when the bell rang. But she was not allowed to conclude. Amidst the cheers of the assembled company, Uncle Gregory requested the Speaker to allow Mrs. Smith to proceed with her remarks. He said that she, at any rate, was at the centre of the situation. Looking much gratified, Mrs. Smith took up the discourse once more.

"I had not much more to say," she remarked quietly; "yet I should like to remark further that to manage the income in this way promotes peace of mind, and helps to make family life pleasant and free from friction, if it does nothing else. When you know what you have to spend over certain details, you can keep within the limits quite easily, and you need not worry; you can put the subject on one side, and live for something else. Within the limits laid down you can be liberal. The whole family can pull together too; and thus the necessity for making both ends meet makes parents, brothers, and sisters help one another. Really, children are much more likely to succeed in the future, and grow up in love and harmony, if they are brought up in a home where every one has to bear a share of the general burden, than they are if they belong to a home where lavish, thoughtless extravagance prevails. On this point a saying of a wise and most thrifty mother occurs to my mind. When her children came in from school, and she used to insist upon their changing their outdoor garments for rougher ones before they went to play, she would say, 'You cannot help your father and me by earning anything, but you can save a great deal.' If a whole family is trying to save, it must make a difference."

Mrs. Smith had now said her say, and she resumed her seat. But before permitting the debate to close, the Speaker intimated that he wished to add still one remark. He said that he thought that Mrs. Smith's solution of the problem before them was an excellent one, and he cordially approved of her method of managing the income. But he thought that, in adopting it, they all ought to try to cultivate charity. People who achieved success of the kind now under consideration were rather in danger of being somewhat self-righteous. In an affair of this sort we ought to judge what was right for ourselves and leave our neighbours alone. We might cut our own coat according to our own cloth, but we ought not to want to criticise the way in which other people snipped their cloth. It has been truly said that most people have a pet economy, and in the same way everyone has a pet luxury. An

impertinent man once said to an acquaintance: "You must bury a great deal of money in that garden of yours. I should not think you ever see it again." "Quite so," replied the other: "you waste on billiards, I waste on pears." The retort was fully justified. Unless we know all the ins and outs of a man's life and history, we have no right to accuse him of extravagance because he spends differently from ourselves. Some like to spend on dressing well; others like to keep a good table; others like to buy books; others pictures. So long as these

people do not interfere with us we have no right to judge them. Refraining from doing so, we shall be the more at liberty to refuse to trouble about what they think of the way we cut our little coat. There would be less extravagance and less pecuniary embarrassment if we all lived in accordance with the dictates of our own consciences and left others to do the same.

"Rational Dress" was then announced as the subject of the next sitting of the Home Parliament, and the Speaker left the chair.

Varieties.

Rewards of Virtue in France.—We have often recorded the results of the annual awards of the Montyon prizes under the charge of the French Institute. The decisions have been made with great judgment, and with extreme impartiality. No political or ecclesiastical differences ever affect the choice made by the Committees of the Institute. Even in the "prize of virtue" this impartiality has appeared, as when Pastor John Bost of Laforce and the Rev. Mr. McAll were honoured by men, the majority of whom were of different creed, or not of any religious persuasion. The Montyon prizes are not the only occasions of public recognition of meritorious deeds, so popular in France. There is a fund under the charge of the Municipal Council of Paris for an annual prize for virtuous merit. Last year there were ninety-three cases strongly recommended by witnesses testifying to the facts, and after due inquiry the prize was awarded to Henri Zumstein, a native of Alsace, who had by industry and thrift in Paris brought up a family of fourteen children, of whom nine are still living, of ages from seven to thirty-one. Three of the children are still at school, and six are earning their own living at various trades. In our own country could be found innumerable cases of similar industry, thrift, and management; but in England, and still less in Scotland, it is not the custom to give public rewards for virtue and good conduct. The highest of our honours is probably the Victoria Cross, and its bestowal is for acts of courage and sacrifice accomplished in brief time, not for a life-long continuance in virtue, serviceable to the State, such as is rewarded by the French Institute and the Municipality of Paris.

The Lost Colours of the 24th Regiment.—A romantic story is current about the recovery of the lost flag of the 24th Regiment, which disappeared after the disastrous defeat at Isandhlwana. It was on January 22, 1879, that the Kaffirs surprised the camp, and all but annihilated the 24th Regiment, now the South Wales Borderers. The colours of the regiment were lost. Sixteen years after the event, and in a foreign capital thousands of miles from the scene of the disaster, one of the colours—the regimental colour of the second battalion, in defence of which so many noble fellows fell—has been recovered. An English flag was discovered in Paris in the possession of a French gentleman, the Baron St. George. Unaware of the interest attached to it, he invited Lord Dillon, who happened to be in the French capital, and who is a known connoisseur of anything artistic or historical, to inspect it; Colonel Talbot, our military attaché, having in the meanwhile interested himself in its identity. Both these gentlemen on arrival in London took immediate steps to ascertain the history of the flag, in which they were assisted by Major Holden, of the Royal United Service Institution, who from its description

pronounced it the missing regimental colour of the 2nd battalion of the 24th Regiment, lost at Isandhlwana. And to these gentlemen, and to the courtesy of the Baron St. George, who has since handed the colour over to Colonel Talbot, the country is indebted for the restoration of a relic surrounded with interest not only to the regiment, but to the whole army. How the colour was preserved and found its way to Paris is a mystery of which it is difficult to find a solution. There is evidence, in the condition of the colour now recovered, that it was removed in two pieces from the staff, as it is sewn neatly together, and that the pole was broken in half. It is now in two joints, like those of a fishing-rod. It was probably preserved by some officer of the regiment until he lost his life; once in the possession of a Zulu, it found its way to the coast, and thence to France. It is not the first time that colours have undergone peculiar vicissitudes, but rarely has one of such unusual interest been restored under such circumstances.

Clock made by Louis XVI.—It has been stated that the clock made at Versailles by the royal hands of the unfortunate King of France is now in the hands of one of the Rothschild family, the present owner having given £33,600 for the historic timepiece. We wish some correspondent of the "Leisure Hour" would verify this statement, and tell where the clock can now be seen.

Fifteen School Girls.—E. E. H. offers the following solution of the problem in the November "Varieties" (page 67).

Let the 15 girls be represented by the letters of the alphabet from A to O inclusive. The number of combinations of 15 letters taken 3 together is, by the theory of combinations, $15 \times 14 \times 13$ or 455.

2×3
However, as each pair occurs in 13 of these, and by the conditions of the problem must occur only once in the groupings required, we must divide 455 by 13. This gives 35, the number of possible groups of 3 selected in such a way that no two groups have two letters in common. The groups will be found to be as follows:

ABC, ADE, AFG, AHI, AJK, ALM, ANO,	BDF,
BEG, BHJ, BIK, BLN, BMO,	CDG, CEF, CHK,
CIJ, CLO, CMN,	DHL, DIM, DJN, DKO, EHM,
EIL, EJO, EKN,	FHN, FIO, FJL, FKM, GHO,
GIN, GJM, GKL,	

The next point is to arrange these groups into 7 sets with 5 groups in each, in such a manner that each set contains all the 15 letters once and once only. Here I doubt whether mathematics will be of much assistance. However, by a simple empirical process which could be verbally explained in a minute, but would take pages of writing to make clear,

I was led to the following arrangement, which satisfies all the conditions of the problem—providing a different arrangement of the girls for each day in the week, and securing that the same pair shall not walk together twice:

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
A B C	A D E	A F G	A H I	A J K	A L M	A N O
D H L	B M O	B H J	B E G	B L N	B I K	B D F
E J O	C I J	C L O	C M N	C D G	C E F	C H K
F K M	F H N	D I M	D K O	E H M	D J N	E I L
G I N	G K L	E K N	F J L	F I O	G H O	G J M

Thomas Carlyle's House.—The Emperor William of Germany, in sending £100 towards the purchase of Carlyle House, gracefully put his contribution as coming "from a descendant of the great King whose life Carlyle so vividly and nobly described." The letter was written in English to the Secretary of the fund.

Gustavus Adolphus.—The tercentenary celebration of the birth of the great King of Sweden was celebrated near the close of 1894. It is pleasant to think that the memory of the good and great Gustavus is fresh among his countrymen, after all the changes and political movements of the succeeding times. The influence of the King remains throughout all Protestant communities in northern Europe, as seen by the philanthropic and charitable institutions which bear his name, far beyond the limits of his own land. Many a poor Protestant pastor has reason to bless the memory of the good King, whose birth was celebrated with patriotic pride by his own countrymen. In London there was a service in the Swedish church in Princes Square, at which the tercentenary of Gustav II. Adolf (as the Swedes call him) was celebrated with great enthusiasm. The musical part of the service was splendid, and fine old Swedish hymns were sung.

Rabbit Pest in Australia.—A Liverpool correspondent states that he has received good reports of the success of a new method of dealing with the "rabbit pest" which has been so destructive in many parts of New South Wales and Victoria. The cost is far less than the trapping, poisoning, fencing, and any scheme dealing with the surface merely. He says that cartridges of phosphorus, placed in the rabbit burrows, gradually generate such pervading volumes of deadly smoke or poisonous gas that the rabbits have made themselves scarce on several runs where these phosphorus pellets have been used.

The Sir Henry Acland Memorial at Oxford.—The retirement of the Regius Professor of Anatomy from the post he has occupied so long is to be marked by a practical and suitable memorial. The Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Albany have expressed their willingness to co-operate in the movement which is on foot to mark the appreciation of the great services which Sir Henry Acland has rendered to Oxford and to the country at large. No memorial could take a form more acceptable to Sir Henry Acland than a provision for the increased usefulness of the Sarah Acland Home for Nurses. The work of this institution is cramped for want of means to obtain more suitable premises, and its income, arising almost wholly from subscriptions, is expended on the district nurses engaged in the service of the poor. It is proposed to raise a fund of about £10,000 to ensure the extension of the work of the home upon the present lines. The proposal is supported amongst others by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. J. Ruskin, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Mayor of Oxford, the late Dean of Christ Church (Dr. Liddell) and Mrs. Liddell, the heads of Oxford colleges, and a large number of influential persons. Mr. James Mason, of Eynsham Hall, has given £500 to the fund.

Robert Louis Stevenson. Early in December of 1894 a telegram announced the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, suddenly, from apoplexy. The tidings came so unexpectedly and the cause of the catastrophe was so unlikely that many doubted the authenticity of the report. But at length

the disillusion came, and in the "Times" of December 27 the death was formally recorded. A volume of his collected works appeared at the very time when the whole English-speaking world was apprised of his death. One omission in the obituary memoirs we must note. He was a pupil of the Edinburgh Academy for two years, and the following note appears in the "Academy Chronicle" of July 1893: "The school had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Stevenson, mother of R. L. Stevenson the novelist. She was much interested to see her son's portrait in the Hall, and remarked that her son had started a journal when at the Academy, but had found it impossible to keep it going. As a result of her visit Mrs. Stevenson had been kind enough to send to the Academy Museum an interesting collection of curiosities from California and Samoa." It is a touching fact that the mother was with her loved son at the last, and witnessed the sad burial on the top of the hill above his house, Vailima, amidst the sorrow of the whole of the islanders whom he loved so well. The mother of Stevenson is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Balfour, minister of Colinton, in days before the Disruption of the Scottish Church. She was a noted beauty in those far-off days, and is still a venerable lady of the old Scottish type. The wife of Louis Stevenson was an American widow, whose son was a co-worker in the latest works written in Samoa, after the climate compelled the consumptive patient to leave his home at Bournemouth, called Skerryvore, after the lighthouse in the Western Isles. The father and uncle were builders of famous lighthouses, greater even than the "Bell Rock" on the east of Scotland, the work of the grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. A new generation of Stevensons are still the builders for the "Commissioners of Northern Lights," who have authority in Scotland analogous to the Trinity House of England.

The Rev. J. de Kewer Williams.—The portrait of Mr. de Kewer Williams, a large life-size oil painting, for which subscription had been made by many friends and admirers of this venerable Congregational minister, has been placed in the Hackney Town Hall. The ceremony of unveiling the picture was kindly undertaken by the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen. It will be remembered that Mr. de Kewer Williams was once the possessor of an unrivalled collection of portraits and relics of Oliver Cromwell, which he was obliged to dispose of. This museum of Cromwell curiosities was purchased by Sir R. Tangye, the eminent engineer who brought over from Egypt the Obelisk now on the Embankment. Mr. de Kewer Williams was born in Hackney in 1817, and was long the minister of the Old Gravel Pit Congregational Church.

English Dialect Dictionary.—Dr. Joseph Wright, of 6 Northam Road, Oxford, has undertaken a great and important work in the preparation of a complete vocabulary of all dialect words known to be in use during the last two hundred years. As long ago as 1873 the "English Dialect Society" was started, and about seventy volumes of greater or smaller size have been issued. All these and many unpublished materials will be used in preparing the Dictionary.

Dr. Wright tells us that he possesses already over a million slips, about a ton in weight, each containing the source, with quotation, and the county or district of England where the word is in use. He invites co-operation of local reporters, and proposes to commence the publication this year. It may be necessary to exclude all words of mere slang and vulgarism, though the collection of such terms is invited.

To a certain extent there will be little difficulty in finding the geographical locality of phrases and words, such as appear in the Dorset poems of the Rev. W. Barnes. But great judgment will be required to distinguish what are only variations in spelling or writing the words sent. It would be well also to have a few short papers on words which are technical, or in use in special trades and occupations, which cannot be called vulgar or slang words. For instance, there are terms in common use among sailors, printers, gardeners, and other vocations throughout the kingdom, without the local *habitat* implied in "dialect words." Schoolboys and schoolgirls have also words of peculiar use, which continue in use throughout centuries.

Dr. Wright has a tough job before him, even with the help and advice of Mr. Skeat, the editor of Chaucer, and

Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge. Shakespeare's time ought to be the beginning of the period of the "Dialect Dictionary." American correspondents should take part in this work. In rural parts of the States we have heard phrases lost in England, but common here in the days of the first settlers from the old country.

Copyright in Photographs.—A decision by Mr. Justice Collins has determined the rule as to photographic portraits. The copyright belongs to the sitters when they order the portrait and pay for its being taken. The only claim for copyright by the photographer is when he invites sitters to have their likeness taken, and when they assent to sit without payment, doing so for purposes of publicity or advertisement for their own benefit.

Fitzgerald and Crabbe.—A veteran man of letters, an admirer of Crabbe's poetry, sends the following note on Mr. Dennis's article on Fitzgerald in the "Leisure Hour" for November (page 32): "John Dennis, always vivacious and usually accurate, has erred in one small point in respect of Fitzgerald and Crabbe. He regrets that the projected selection from Crabbe's poetry was never made. If that is a fair inference from the new edition of the letters it proves that they are insufficient for bibliographical, if not for biographical purposes.

"I have the earlier edition in three volumes (including 'Literary Remains'), and the last article in Volume 3 (except a trifling translation) is entitled 'Introduction to Readings in Crabbe,' and is dated 'June, 1893.' Now it was on the 14th of that month that 'Old Fitz' died suddenly, and this 'Introduction' was therefore his last work; his last letter is dated June 12.

"But this is not all. Not only was the 'Introduction' written, the 'Readings' were also selected, and even published—posthumously, no doubt. The book was issued by Quaritch, and is dated 1883. I have a copy of it. The text occupies 242 pages, and is taken from the 'Tales of the Hall,' the plan being a selection of choice passages, with connecting narrative in prose by Fitzgerald.

"These being the facts of the case, it might be worth while for Mr. Dennis to supplement his article by a short paragraph, and thus further Fitzgerald's desire to revive the fame of Crabbe—'Nature's sternest painter, but her best.'"

Atlantic Steamers.—At a large shipbuilding yard at Philadelphia, during the closing months of 1894 and the early months of 1895, work was proceeding on two immense vessels, whose trial trips across the Atlantic will have much interest for people in England, especially for those who are in any way interested in our shipyards at Birkenhead, at Barrow, at Newcastle, at Belfast, and on the Clyde in Scotland. The two vessels in construction during these months at Philadelphia are to equal, if American skill and American capital go for anything, in every respect any vessels ever constructed in a British shipyard. They are intended as the sister ships of the *New York* and the *Paris*. These famous vessels, it will be remembered, were constructed on the Clyde, and were formerly the property of the Inman Steamship Company, which, until a few years ago, had its headquarters at Liverpool. Although this was nominally an English line, in later years it was largely owned by Americans. Ultimately they got full control of it, and changed its name from the Inman to the American line, at the same time making Southampton its English port of departure. An Act of Congress was required to transfer the Inman fleet from the English to the American flag. This was necessary owing to the navigation and tariff laws of the United States, under which no vessel can fly the Stars and Stripes unless she has been built in an American shipyard, and is officered by American citizens. As one result of these laws, until a little while ago no Atlantic steamers were registered in America. The owners of ocean-going steamers might be, and often were, American citizens; but the steamers so owned were registered at English ports, sailed under the English flag, and were amenable to the English Admiralty Courts. How few American steamers there were may be judged from the fact that in 1894, after the *Paris* and the *New York* were empowered by Congress to fly the

Stars and Stripes, only six merchant vessels, including these two steamers, carried the American flag across the Atlantic. There are, of course, a large number of steamers carrying the United States flag in the American coasting trade; for only American-built steamers are permitted in this trade. But notwithstanding the fact that scores of great steamers every week enter the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco, until 1893 not one of these steamers was legally owned by American citizens. The tariff laws had made it impossible for American shipbuilders to compete in the matter of cost with the shipbuilders of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and no ship built abroad could be entered at an American port and fly the American flag unless the owners had paid to the Federal Government a duty which is entirely prohibitive. The owners of the *New York* and *Paris* paid no duty; but they bargained with Congress that if a registry were given to these famous modern vessels they would add to their fleet at least two more vessels of equal size, power, and magnificence, and build them in America. This is the bargain which kept Cramp's shipyard at Philadelphia busy for more than two years. The new vessels are known as the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. The *St. Louis* has already been launched and christened with much ceremony by Mrs. Cleveland. Both vessels are expected to be ready in time for the summer trade between New York and Southampton. No time will be lost in letting the world know the capabilities of the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*, especially if they should exceed in any respect those of the modern British-built vessels like the *Lucania* and the *Campania*. The only information which will be kept secret will be the cost of the new vessels, and upon that, as well as upon their size, power, seaworthiness, and magnificence, the supremacy of British builders depends.

Agricultural Depression Affecting University Funds.

The curators of the University Chest at Oxford, in a report to the Vice-Chancellor, state that the receipts from real estate have been gradually falling, from £13,279 in 1882 to £9,875 in 1893. The balance-sheet for that year for the first time showed a deficit of £234. The proceeds from land being the largest source of University income, and there being no prospect of revival of agricultural prosperity, there will be need for utmost caution and thrift in managing the finances. There can no longer be votes for new buildings, and educational extension, as during the years when the average surplus was at least £2,000 per annum. The matriculation fees, another source of revenue to the University, do not vary much from year to year.

The University Chest is wholly distinct from the funds belonging to the colleges of Oxford. Some of these are little dependent on the state of land or of agriculture, having large accumulated funds from old endowments and benefactions, and in a few cases from lands once of small value, but now increasingly rich through buildings on the sites of the property, in towns and cities. Old graduates of Oxford have been prone to leave legacies and make bequests to their own colleges rather than to the University. This report of the curators, it is to be hoped, will lead some who are proud of Oxford to help to restore prosperity to the University Chest.

Cramming for Local Examinations.

The system of examining in connection with the Universities is extending rapidly throughout the kingdom. The Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, presiding over a congress in London convened by the authorities of the English Universities, commended the general objects of the movement for the extension of education, but he pointed out some of the evils attaching to the excessive use of examinations, and asked those whose duty it would be to decide, very carefully to consider before they turned a system of lectures with voluntary examinations, which were healthy, into a hot-house, high-pressure system of examination for the purpose of obtaining degrees, which gratified emulation, which were pleasant to ambition, but which involved no real conquest in the healthy salutary domain of true knowledge and practical training in subjects likely to be the most useful in life.

Copenhagen a Free Port.—For some years it has been in contemplation to make Copenhagen a free port, and this has now been effected. The heavy tonnage dues have been hindrances to trade, and these are now reduced by one-half, and converted into a tax on merchandise, not to be levied on goods in transit. Copenhagen is as free of ice as any port of the Baltic, and inability to reach Copenhagen by the sea is out of the question as long as the Kattegat is not impeded by ice. During the last ten years the port of Copenhagen has only been completely ice-bound during 148 days for sailing vessels, and during fifty-one days for steamships. Communication with Malmö has during all these years been stopped for only one day. Copenhagen is in regular steamship connection with all Swedish, Finnish, Russian, and German ports of the Baltic, as well as with Norwegian, British, and the most important West and South European ports. It already is in direct communication not only with the Danish, but also, by means of the steam ferry at Elsinore, with the Swedish railways, and this communication will be further enlarged by another steam ferry communication, which will be open between the Copenhagen free port and Malmö in 1895.

"Simultaneously with the opening of the free port," says a correspondent of the "Times," "the expenses connected with seeking the port of Copenhagen will be so much diminished, that it will become one of the least expensive ports of the Baltic. The tonnage dues hitherto collected in Denmark will be done away with, while the port charges are reduced to one-half, and only collected when the goods pass from the territory of the free port over the Danish custom boundary, the expenses for the ship being thus limited to pilotage and wharfage, which are charged according to a very moderate tariff. Add to this that the territory of the free port, which, as a matter of course, is exempted from all expenses and inconveniences of clearance at the customs, will be supplied with new warehouses, provided with all modern conveniences for discharging cargoes."

We can only hope that the opening of the new port may answer the expectations of those who proposed it, and that it may bring increased prosperity and larger revenue to Denmark, the good friend of Great Britain.

Elephant Sagacity and Training.—A recent incident at the Zoological Gardens has called attention to the mental powers of elephants. Innumerable instances are on record of their intelligence and sagacity, while many anecdotes also illustrate an affection, gratitude, and tenderness almost equal to what is familiar in dogs. An old Indian, Dr. Pringle, took his children to see the large elephant in the "Zoo," and to give them a ride. After the ride a bun was to be given, but the doctor told the children that the elephant must first say "Please," and addressing the beast said "Salaam kuro," i.e. make a salaam. The animal looked at the hand holding the bun, and after a short time memory awoke, up went his trunk, and he made a most correct salaam. The rest must be told in the words of Dr. Pringle, who wrote to the "Times" a letter narrating the incident. "The keeper seemed very much surprised, and asked me what it meant. I told him it was a point of good manners for an elephant to raise his trunk up to his forehead if any one was going to feed him, and that frequently elephants will ask in this polite manner for something when they see anyone pass by who is likely to feed them. The keeper assured me he had never seen the elephant do this before, and, if I remember rightly, he has been in charge of the animal since it arrived from India, and that it was one of those which took part in the grand procession at Agra when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales visited India, and where I doubtless saw it. For seventeen years this animal had never heard these words, and had always taken his food without this mark of good manners, but now I dare say

the keeper makes him remember his youthful good manners, and the little children will see on their visits to the 'Zoo' this instance of 'always say please.'"

One of the instances called forth by Dr. Pringle's letter was from Mr. Grissel of Oxford, who reminded us of an elephant sent to Pope Leo X. by the King of Portugal. This animal made three salaams to the Pope, and kneeling down kissed the Pope's feet with his trunk. A monument, with a Latin inscription, long preserved the fame of this polite elephant, which had the higher honour of being painted by Raphael!

Mr. E. Jesse tells an anecdote of an Indian elephant which is one of the best proofs of the sense of the animal, and of its power of communicating its thoughts. An elephant was ordered to drag a tree, which proved too heavy for its strength. It was urged and excited to continue its efforts, till the poor animal broke the chains by which it was fastened and ran away. All supposed it had escaped to the jungle, where it would mix with the wild elephants and be seen no more. But in about an hour this faithful and sensible servant of man returned, accompanied by two other elephants, and by their united strength the tree was easily removed. The other elephants disappeared after the work was done, and the noble and wise tame elephant remained. Mr. Jesse states that he had this fact from eyewitnesses, and that many wonderful anecdotes of elephants are known to be strictly authentic.

Astronomical Notes for February.—The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 7h. 41m. in the morning, and sets at 4h. 45m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 7h. 16m. and sets at 5h. 13m. The Moon will enter her First Quarter at 16 minutes past midnight on the 2nd; will be Full at 5h. 23m. on the evening of the 9th; in Last Quarter at 1h. 9m. on the afternoon of the 16th; and New at 4h. 44m. on the evening of the 24th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th; and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 7 o'clock on the evening of the 22nd. Being in perigee near the Full, very high tides may about that time be expected (probably highest on the 10th). No special phenomena are due this month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 9th, and will for some days before and after that time be visible in the evening after sunset in the constellation Aquarius. He will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 25th. Venus is also in Aquarius, and very near Mercury on the 1st, the actual conjunction taking place in the early afternoon; about the middle of the month she will pass into the constellation Pisces, and will be in conjunction with the small crescent Moon on the evening of the 26th. Mars is now on the meridian about 6 o'clock in the evening in the constellation Aries; later in the month he will pass into Taurus, and be just on the south side of the Pleiades on the 26th. Jupiter continues to be a magnificent object in the early part of the night between the constellations Taurus and Gemini; he will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 6th. Saturn rises about midnight, between the constellations Virgo and Libra, and will be in conjunction with the Moon on the morning of the 15th.

Encke's Comet, which was best seen about the end of last year but never visible to the naked eye, according to Dr. Backlund's calculations, was nearest us a few days ago, and will be in perihelion, or nearest the Sun, on the 4th of the present month. It passed into the southern heavens about the middle of January, and will probably be followed with the assistance of large telescopes until the end of March. Early in 1898 we may again expect an appearance of this constant visitor, which never recedes so far from the Sun as the planet Jupiter.

W. T. LYNN, B.A.

